Saturday Review

ECEMBER 10, 1955 / 20¢

FEUDALISM—NOT FOR EXPORT

By Steven Runciman

CRITICS' CHOICE: Year's Best Recordings

nna Magnani and Burt Lancaster, stars of
he Rose Tattoo." (Page 25)

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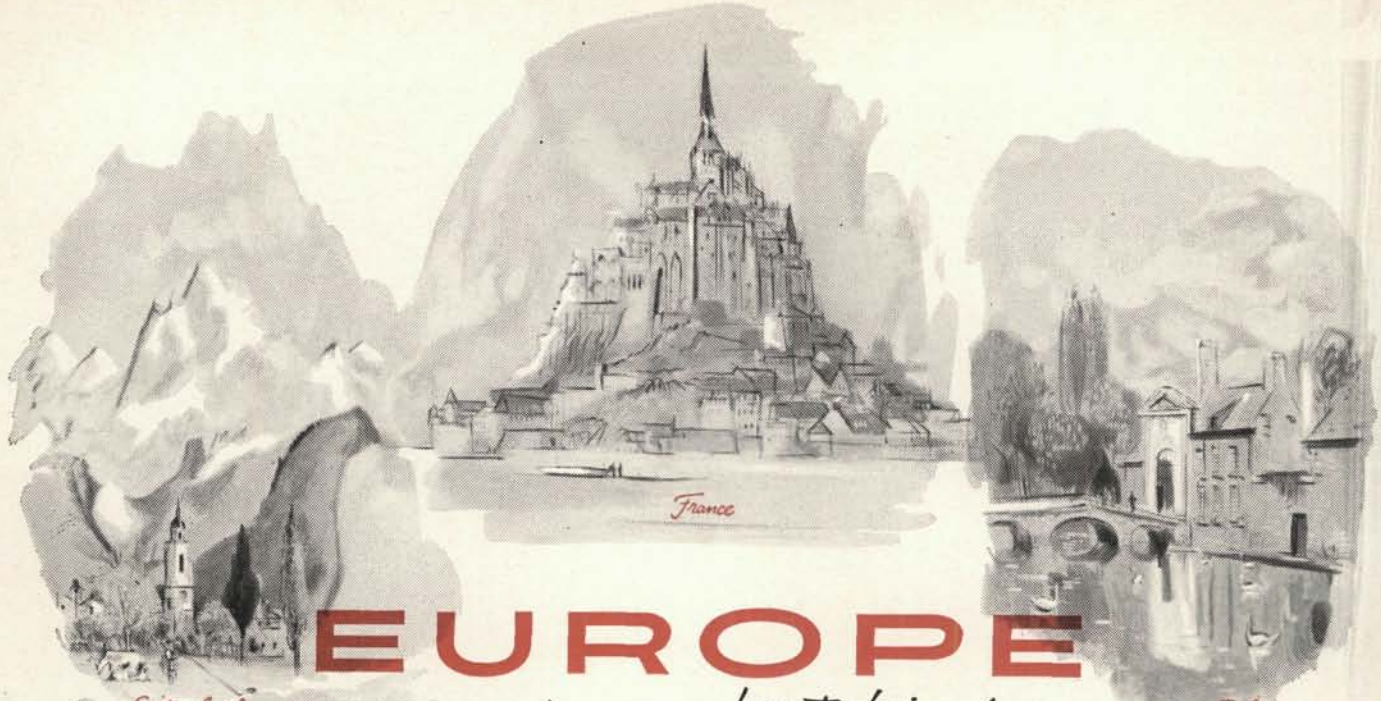

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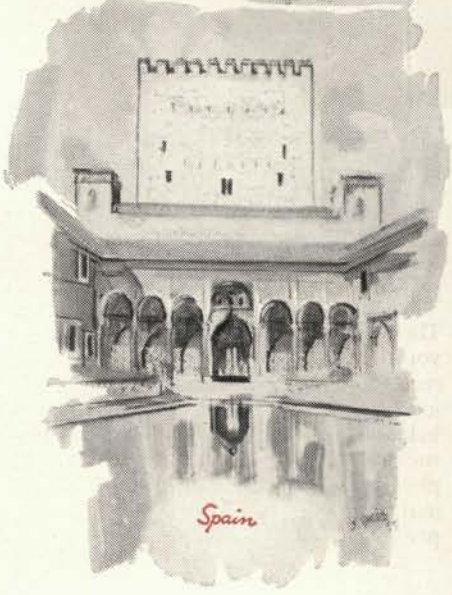

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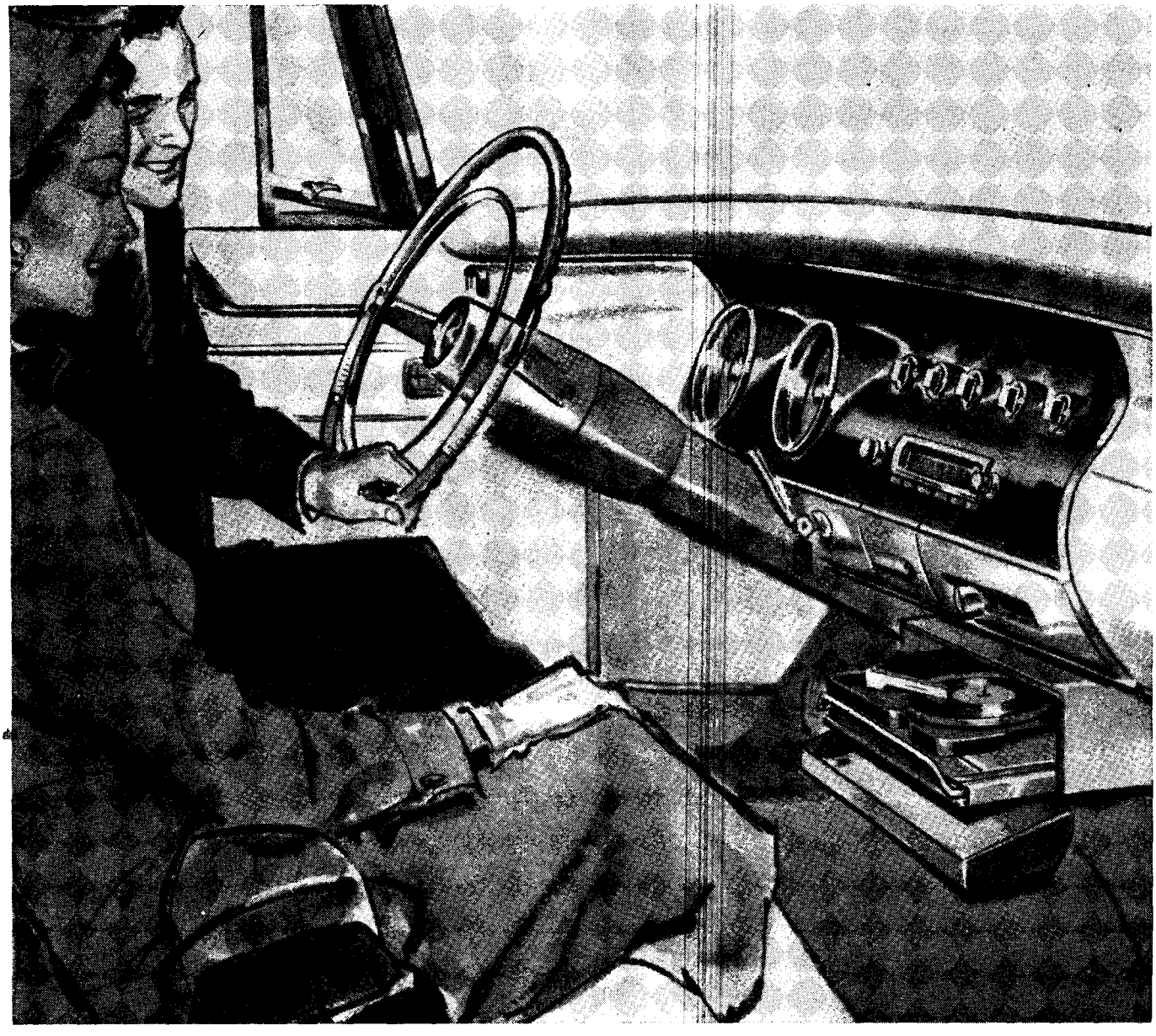

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TRADE Winds

THERE SCARCELY COULD BE a more appropriate season to recommend Aldous Huxley's new novel, "The Genius and the Goddess," for what action there is all takes place on Christmas Eve. Actually the book is one long monologue—but what a brilliant and satiric monologue! The reader closes the book feeling that he has been soaring in the blue!

At the outset the narrator, speaking presumably to author Huxley, hesitates momentarily before plunging into his story of a genius who was married to a "goddess." "If I set the record straight," he tells himself, "it'll be as a ghost talking about ghosts. Everybody's dead except me, and I'm living on borrowed time. Besides, you're a very old friend and even if you *do* put it all in a novel, does it really matter?"

"If it does matter," Huxley assures him, "I won't."

The narrator laughs outright. "I'd rather entrust my daughters to Casanova than my secrets to a novelist," he declares: "Literary fires are hotter even than sexual ones. And literary oaths are even strawier than the matrimonial or monastic varieties."

"The Genius and the Goddess" ends on a note of tragedy, and the narrator sees Huxley to the door with these rueful parting words: "Drive carefully. This is a Christian country and it's the Savior's birthday. Practically everybody you see will be drunk."

AS IRVING WALLACE has pointed out in his new book, "The Fabulous Originals" (Knopf), many of the greatest characters in fiction were based on real people. Here are seven such originals. A well-read person should be able to rattle off at least five of their fictional counterparts without any trouble (answers on page 6):

1. Dr. Joseph Bell was a medical instructor at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh in the 1890s. His most spectacular skill involved meeting total strangers and, by merely glancing at them, deducting their nationalities, habits, trades, and backgrounds. Who was the great fictional detective he inspired?

2. Mary Cecilia Rogers, who worked behind a cigar counter on Broadway, was found floating in the Hudson River off Hoboken in the summer of 1841. Her murder was never solved. What character was modeled after her?

3. In 1906 a young man named Chester Gillette took a girl out rowing on Big Moose Lake, New York, and murdered her because she was pregnant and stood in the way of his social ambitions. He was tried, found guilty, executed. What character did he inspire in a popular realistic American novel?

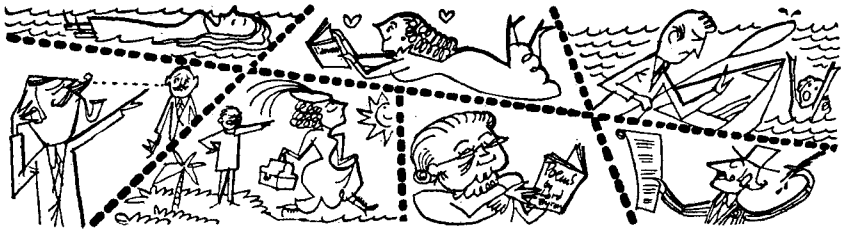
4. Count Robert de Montesquiou, poet and dandy, intimate friend of D'Annunzio, Whistler, and Wilde, died in 1921. He inspired two memorable characters in fiction. Can you name either one?

5. Delphine Delamare lived in Ry, France, married to a dull, bourgeois husband, who was a licensed medical officer. Stimulated by her reading and her romantic dreams, she indulged in extravagances and nymphomania. In 1848 she committed suicide. Under what name did she appear in French fiction nine years later?

6. In 1916 an English author saw a prostitute driven off a Hawaiian island after a police raid. He noted in his journal that she was "plump, pretty in a coarse fashion . . . she wore a white dress and a large white hat and long white boots from which her calves, in white cotton stockings, bulged." Whom did she become in South Seas fiction?

7. Claire Clairmont had an illegitimate child by Lord Byron. Until the age of eighty-two she dwelt in Florence as a recluse. A Massachusetts seaman named Silsbee moved in as her neighbor in an effort to obtain her Byron and Shelley relics. For what character in an American novelette did she serve as prototype?

LOUIS FREEDMAN, who represents a number of publishers in the West



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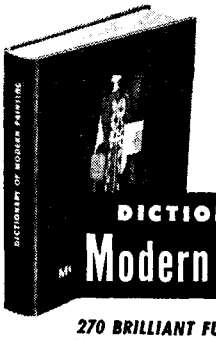

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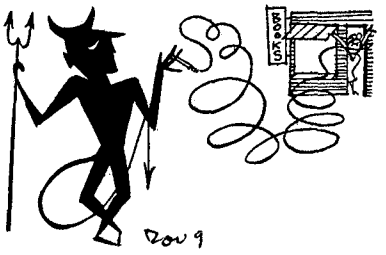
Coast territory, includes many religious dealers in his itinerary. Visiting one new account, he was interrupted by the proprietor who asked, "Have you been saved, Mr. Freedman?" When the answer was "Not yet" the proprietor summoned all his sixteen employes, who knelt on the cement floor for forty minutes by the clock and prayed for Freedman's salvation. Then the proprietor reported



that he had all the stock he wanted and didn't buy a single book! There's another Fundamentalist bookshop in Oregon whose buyer will speak with Freedman only over the telephone. Although she has never seen him smoke she maintains that she can smell a smoker five blocks away and that it is a habit of the Devil.

Freedman was exhibiting his wares in one shop when the clerk, climbing aloft to fetch a rarely requested volume, upset a pyramided display on top of the shelving. Books came tumbling down on Freedman's noggin, sending him sprawling to the ground. "Be careful, you fool," cried the shop manager to his clerk. "Suppose that had been a customer!"

IN HIS BOOK, "Applied Imagination," Alex Osborn refers to a Swiss gentleman who meticulously reviewed his eighty years on earth and calculated he had spent twenty-six of them in bed and twenty-one working. Eating consumed another six years. So did being angry. He frittered away five more waiting for tardy people. Shaving took up 228 days, scolding his children twenty-six days, tying his neckties eighteen days, blowing his nose eighteen days, and lighting his pipe twelve days. He added mournfully, "I figure that I laughed for only forty-six hours in all my life." Possibly that Swiss gent watched too much television—and didn't read the right books!

"I'VE GOT TO GET A present," confided a customer to a bookstore clerk, "for a very rich old aunt who can scarcely walk. Any suggestions?" "Yes," said the clerk. "Why a book? How about some floor wax?" . . . One of Voltaire's more startling pronouncements was, "In 100 years the Bible will be a forgotten book found only in museums." When 100 years were up the home in which Voltaire had made his prediction was occupied by the Geneva Bible Society! . . . Fictional characters referred to above: 1. Sherlock Holmes. 2. Marie Roget (Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget"). 3. Clyde Griffiths (Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"). 4. Baron de Charlus in Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past" or Des Esseintes in Huysmans's "Against the Grain." 5. Madame Bovary. 6. Sadie Thompson (Maugham's "Rain"). 7. Juliana Bordereau (Henry James's "The Aspern Papers"). . . . Sign in the poetry section of a Chattanooga book shop: "All the muse that's fit to print." . . .

JOE BRYAN, TAKING TIME out from the book on P. T. Barnum he is whipping up for teen-agers, tells about a couple of beaten-up old acrobats who had been closing bills at vaudeville houses so long with the same act they could go through their routines in their sleep. One week they finally made the Palace, and at the opening Monday matinee stood in the wings while the late John Barrymore gave his magnificent rendition of the soliloquy from "Hamlet." The audience went into raptures.

One acrobat turned to his partner and muttered angrily, "If that's the kind of junk they want today I guess we'd better work out a new act for next season!" —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 650

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 650 will be found in the next issue.

RZ NCP LXAG GC ERDD XAN

RUYX RA GSY LCKDU

GCUXN, TYG X VCBBRGGYY

LCKERAT CA RG.

ZYDRM ZKXAEZPKGYK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 649
If a body's ever took charity, it makes a burn that don't come out.
—JOHN STEINBECK.

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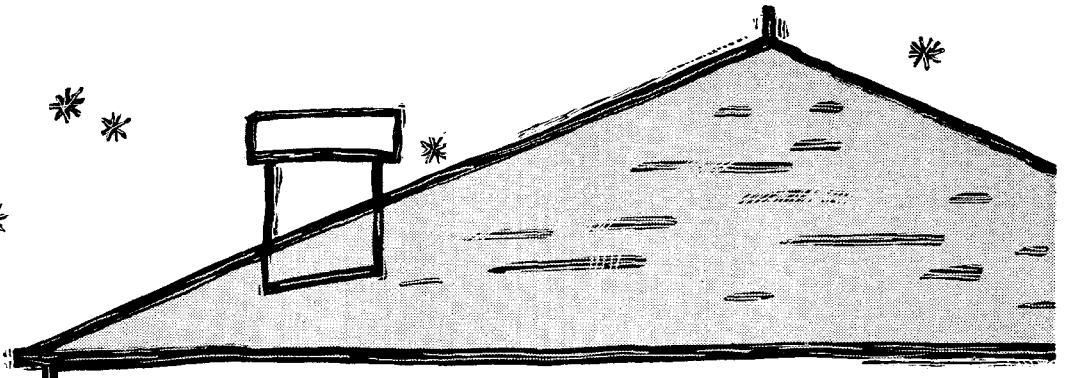

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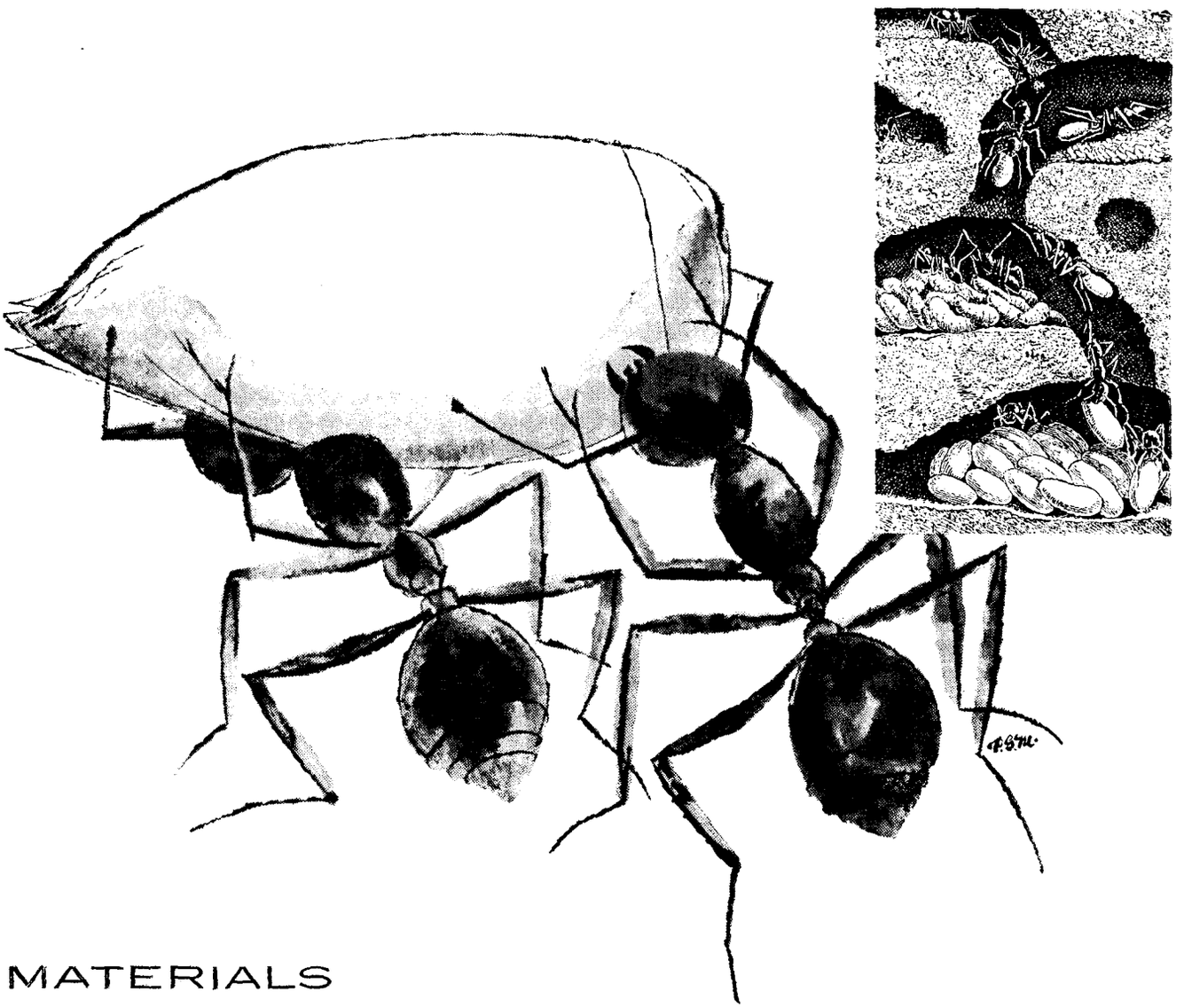

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The Saturday Review
DECEMBER 10, 1955

FEUDALISM—NOT FOR EXPORT

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the past, aristocracy was generally part of any society in which the vast majority of men labored uninterruptedly from dawn to dusk on the land. The differences between the peasant's exhausting and monotonous toil and the vocations of landlord, patron, or courtier were so extreme that their lives seemed to belong to members of different species. And as most art, politics, and philosophy flowed from the upper class, thinkers in the eighteenth century grew concerned with the effect on culture of the mass-emancipation of the Industrial Revolution. Even such a great democrat as Thomas Jefferson (see the next page) had doubts that the common man, then lifting up his head and looking around for the first time in history, would have the wit and steadiness to govern himself properly. Today, of course, the average wage-earner has less physical work to do than most medieval princes, and the idea of aristocracy has only the sort of derivative meaning that John Steinbeck writes about on page 11. But once it did make political sense. The aristocracy in its purest European model—"feudalism"—is discussed here by Steven Runciman, famous English Byzantinist and author of the three-volume "History of the Crusades."

By STEVEN RUNCIMAN

FEW words in the English language are so habitually maltreated as is "feudal." We denounce as feudal anything old-fashioned or reactionary of which we happen to disapprove. We dismiss as feudalistic most systems of government which do not conform to modern democratic fashions, even though the medieval feudal world would have found them equally shocking. In short, feudalism has come to be used as a description for any pattern of life that seems out-of-date.

In these modern days, when education is broad rather than deep, it is perhaps useless to insist on accuracy in semantics. Words should be allowed to take their course, to develop and acquire fresh meaning, if a language is to live and advance. But for the historian who tries to portray the past as it really was some exactitude in terms is needed. Before we can decide the place of feudalism in the aristocratic tradition we must know what feudalism was.

Feudalism must not be confused with privilege. Privilege confers rights and immunities on certain classes of the population often quite arbitrarily. There were some feudal privileges; but feudalism was in essence a system of mutual obligations evolved to insure the smooth running of society. It arose in the troubled times that followed the collapse of the Roman Empire in the West. The first barbarian invaders found their tribal organizations inadequate to deal with the government of the lands that they had occupied. Later invasions completed the breakdown of any central government and caused communications to decay. Districts had to fend for themselves. The poor were at the mercy of oppressors. They tended therefore to seek the protection of the local strong man, whoever he might be, an abbot or a bishop, maybe, who had managed to preserve his church's estates through the troubles, or, more often, a successful military leader who might be landless but who had gathered round him a band of soldiers. But the

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John Adams

Thomas Jefferson

THE ADAMS-JEFFERSON CORRESPONDENCE: One man an unpopular and crotchety old Yankee; the other a Virginian landowner and aristocrat, mercurial, versatile, and financially ruined—this was the pair of retired ex-Presidents who, after a generation of more-or-less rancorous political rivalry, began to link with letters the great house of Monticello to the little Massachusetts town of Quincy. In common they possessed a tireless interest in ideas and—despite very different prejudices—a real love of the liberties and opportunities of the country they'd helped create. They hoped that the Republic would stimulate the kind of society they admired: the books, pamphlets, controversies, and theorizings of the eighteenth-century intellectual. The last of the Fathers to survive, Jefferson and Adams—aged eighty-three and ninety-one respectively—died within hours of each other on Independence Day 1826. The following selections are taken from Paul Wilstach's edition of the "Correspondence" (Bobbs-Merrill).

ADAMS TO JEFFERSON: JULY 9, 1813

Your *aristoi* are the most difficult animals to manage of anything in the whole theory and practice of government. They will not suffer themselves to be governed. They not only exert all their own subtlety, industry, and courage, but they employ the commonalty to knock to pieces every plan and model that the most honest architects in legislation can invent to keep them within bounds. . . . Who are these *aristoi?* Who shall judge? Who shall select these choice spirits from the rest of the congregation? Themselves? We must find out and determine who "themselves" are. . . . Nobility in men is worth as much as it is in horses, asses, or rams. Yet birth and wealth prevailed over virtue and talents in all ages. The many will acknowledge no other *aristoi.*

ADAMS TO JEFFERSON: AUGUST 1813

Has science, or morals, or philosophy, or criticism, or Christianity advanced, or improved, or enlightened mankind upon this subject, and shown them that the idea of the "well-born" is a prejudice, a phantom, a point-no-point, a Cape Flyaway, a dream? I say it is the ordinance of God Almighty, in the constitution of human nature, and wrought into the fabric of the universe. Philosophers and politicians may nibble and quibble, but they never will get rid of it. . . . It is a part of the natural history of man, and politicians and philosophers may as well project to make the animal live without bones or blood, as society can pretend to establish a free government without attention to it.

ADAMS TO JEFFERSON: SEPTEMBER 2, 1813

The five pillars of aristocracy are beauty, wealth, birth, genius, and virtue. Any one of [the first three] can, at any time, overbear any one of the two last. . . .

JEFFERSON TO ADAMS: OCTOBER 28, 1813

The selecting the best male for a harem of well-chosen females, which Theognis seems to recommend from the example of our sheep and asses, would doubtless improve the human as it does the brute animal, and produce a race of veritable aristoi. . . . *But I suspect that the equal rights of men will rise up against this privileged Solomon and his harem and oblige us . . . to content ourselves with the accidental* aristoi *produced by the fortuitous concourse of breeders. For I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. Formerly bodily powers gave place among the* aristoi. *But since the invention of gunpowder has armed the weak as well as the strong with missile death, bodily strength—like beauty, good humor, politeness, and other accomplishments —has become but an auxiliary ground of distinction. There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents. . . . [But the] natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society.*

JEFFERSON TO ADAMS: OCTOBER 28, 1813

May we not say that that form of government is the best which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of this natural *aristoi* into the offices of government? . . . Such men may safely and advantageously reserve to themselves a wholesome control over their public affairs, and a degree of freedom which in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe would be instantly perverted to the destruction of everything public and private.

lord had to be paid for his protection in the form of services. Those whom he protected would have to give him part of their produce and to join his little army if required, to preserve the community against the raids of neighboring lords or perhaps to go raiding on their lord's behalf. Both the protector and the protected had duties to perform, and the arrangement was sealed by a contract, which was the oath of allegiance. The relationship was not at first founded upon landholding. Till late in the Middle Ages it was possible to enter a lord's service, to become his "man," without holding any land from him. But land is the basis of human life; and peasants were as anxious to have protection given to their fields and flocks as to their families. Soon the usual contract was bound up with the land. The peasant handed over his patch of land to the lord, who gave it back to him to hold on the condition that he would fulfil the agreed services. With land the hereditary principle came in. It represents a fundamental human instinct. We want our children to enjoy what we have enjoyed and to own what we have owned. The land was secured on the peasant's heirs provided they continued to pay the requisite services to the lord and his heirs. Gradually, though rather later, the hereditary system was crystallized into the principle of primogeniture, the right of the eldest son to inherit the whole property whether as landlord or as tenant. It was a principle that neither Roman law nor Germanic tribal custom had recognized; but it was a necessary development. The subdivision of estates between all the members of the family would inevitably lead back into chaos. It is, incidentally, interesting to note that though the rights of daughters to succeed in the absence of a son were almost universally admitted, the eldest daughter had no greater claim than her sisters had. The estate was on such occasions divided between the girls.

Meanwhile, as some sort of central government began to reassert itself, the feudal arrangement was extended up the social scale. Lords found it worthwhile to secure the patronage of some greater lord or of the king himself, while the king, who was not yet able, owing chiefly to bad communications, to administer the whole kingdom, was glad to make use of lords bound to him by the oath of allegiance. They kept order for him, they administered justice for him (though there were a few farsighted monarchs who insisted on all justice being administered by the royal courts alone), they provided troops

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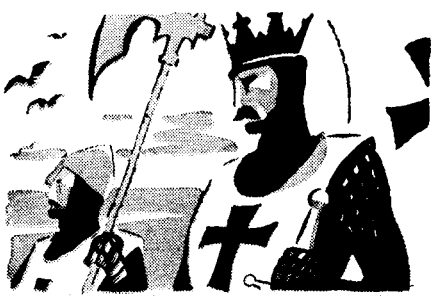
for his army at no cost to himself, and they collected levies and taxes for him from their own vassals. The whole system—though system is too precise a word—grew up naturally in response to the needs of the time. It was never an exact and uniform pattern, for needs and circumstances varied from place to place and from time to time. But it served its purpose. It was moreover based on a strong sense of mutual obligation, and it was pleasing to the thought of the age.

To us nowadays, brought up in the belief that all men are born free and equal, there is something shocking in the calm medieval acceptance of a society in which a man's status was fixed by his birth. To the ordinary thinker of the Middle Ages the kingdoms of this earth should be copies as far as possible of the Kingdom of Heaven. There God reigned supreme, with a hierachy of spirits to carry out His government, archangels and angels whose rank and duties had been fixed for all eternity. Earth should reflect the same orderly pattern. Each man should know his rank and his duties as did the angels. After all, we do not choose our parents. God assigns them to us and we must accept His choice, as in the words of the Victorian hymn:

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at the gate,
God made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate.

Modern democratic prejudice has erased this verse from the hymnal. But its author, Mrs. Alexander, was merely stating a religious truism and one of which the Middle Ages thoroughly approved. Medieval society was not static. The Church, the greatest and most splendid of all medieval institutions, drew its ministers and officials from every walk of life, just as Christ had drawn the apostles. Merchants, too, and townsfolk in general were not subject to the same feudal controls as the countryfolk, though the system of guilds was an attempt to keep trades and professions in a tidy hereditary groove. It was best that laymen should carry out their obligations in that place to

(*Continued on page 44*)



MORE ABOUT ARISTOCRACY:

Why Not a World Peerage?

By JOHN STEINBECK

IT IS the nature of man to rise to greatness if greatness is expected of him, and it is equally his nature to be driven to bestiality through the despair of hatred.

In our time the path to that recognition and love which are every man's desire is confused. We have not true nobility and we need one. We require the goal of *noblesse* as well as the duties of *noblesse*. The usual ladder to uniqueness now lies in the accumulation of money, or political power, or military power. This is an argument for a new nobility—the establishment of a position toward which a man may work and through his work contribute to the world. It is, in one sense, a proposal to use the snob concealed in everyone as a lever for the common good.

Our Congressional Medal of Honor is desirable largely because it sets a man above all other Americans. The ribbon and the man wearing it must be saluted even by five-star generals. It would be contrary to nature for a man to let that medal down.

Nobility has its duties but it must also have its rewards. What I propose is this: That men or women who have contributed to the general welfare be ennobled for the duration of their lives. Men like Dr. Einstein, Dr. Salk, General George Marshall, perhaps Bernard Baruch—perhaps a poet or a painter whose work had leaped national boundaries, an engineer whose building had brought water to deserts, a biochemist who has won a war against the virus enemy, an astrophysicist who has extended our horizons, a philanthropist who has contributed to the world's well-being, a Sibelius, a Croce, a John Dewey, a Yeats, a Marconi, a politician who has dignified his profession—these are the men I would ennoble, not only as a reward for service rendered, but as a goal for others to shoot at, as an enticement to effort for the world's good. Since no one would be proposed for this title until he had contributed there should be no question of dubious integrity. The title should be short and unique, the distinction the greatest in the world. And the reward? This could be very simple and incredibly gratifying.

Let us say that the yearly Honors List were submitted to the general assembly of the United Nations. On unanimous vote the candidate would emerge unique among men. Without in any way losing his national identity, he would be welcome in any nation, a citizen of any nation. He would be above question in crossing any borders, his luggage inviolable, and himself not subject to the annoyances of immigration, customs, waiting, or any of the tyrannies civil servants impose on travelers. He would, in fact, be a citizen of the world, and this status would be in the nature of payment and of respect for services rendered. He would in all practical matters take precedence over everyone else.

IF THIS seems a small thing to work toward, it is not. It could easily become the most desirable thing in the world. The men who might be considered eligible for this title would not, by their natures, be likely to be snobs, but the snob appeal of the eminence might have a profound effect on those who strive to keep the world divided and mean. If the highest honor in the world were awarded for contribution perhaps personal aggrandizement through money, through power, or through chicanery might change its direction. Very many men, even men of evil practices, want eminence so badly that they will do good things to achieve it. And once the importance of the ennoblement was established it would then even be advisable to accept men who contribute money toward the welfare of the world.

This plan is not at all a dream-crusted idealism. It is a cold and feasible method for utilizing a human frailty, for giving a valuable direction to one of the strongest impulses we have. Properly organized, we could establish a true nobility of service and eminence—a state toward which lesser men might reach, and in reaching grow. And I see no reason why our impulses should not work for us rather than against us. At present we have no such stimulus, nor such reward. Think about it.

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Best of the Ten

"The Sumner Intrigue," by Frank Swinnerton *(Doubleday. 320 pp. $3.95), is an indefatigable (and perhaps underrated) novelist's tale of a doctor who believes in such impractical qualities as compassion and understanding.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

A GOOD many people (and too many critics)agree that only a weak man would be everybody's friend. So it's likely that Frank Swinnerton's forty-first book, "The Sumner Intrigue," will have a hard time winning readers. Though it is not a sentimental novel about a man with a Christ complex a lot of "sophisticated" readers will dismiss it as one. Who but a belated and uneminent Victorian can take seriously Dr. Alec Sumner? This character is a man who believes that "if one could deal, *seriatim*, with individuals almost all could be cured of their ills." He is one whose perspectives are those of "critical compassion," who suffers even cuckoldry charitably, and who thinks "men need to be understood, not scored off." I'm afraid I do take him seriously, and I hope a good many people will read Frank Swinnerton's unsentimental portrait of a man who though he makes mistakes is nevertheless thoroughly good and admirable.

The people of Thorphill, the village Dr. Sumner serves, represent people everywhere:

> One man in every ten, all the world over, is born with the conscienceless resolve to dominate his fellow-creatures . . . Of the remaining nine varieties of man eight wish knowingly or unknowingly to pass to the grave without responsibility . . . The last man in every ten is a poet, painter, novelist, dramatist, inventor, fool, rebel, or general practitioner.

Dr. Sumner, the representative of the best of the ten varieties, is surrounded by all the others: three who want the absolute power that corrupts (his wife, Adelaide, and two doctors, who have succumbed to that "scientific" attitude that makes men "egocentric, remorseless, and dissatisfied"); and more than a dozen who accept responsibility only when it is forcibly thrust upon them. Quite clearly, these people do not make up a sentimentalist's universe nor do their actions allow us the dubious pleasure of cheerfulness unrestrained. Adelaide, Sumner's wife, commits adultery, wishes to kill her husband, and does kill herself. There is another suicide, a good deal of malicious power and security seeking, and a patient who dies and who shouldn't have.

But Alec Sumner, who pretty clearly shows Mr. Swinnerton's world view, is always "trying to account for the horribleness of human nature," a horribleness Mr. Swinnerton has never neglected in the series of good novels that include "Nocturne" (1917) and "An Affair of Love" (1952). Despite his horror at a modern world that seems, like Adelaide, to enjoy destruction and self-destruction Mr. Swinnerton persistently likes individuals, and as the layers that compose them are peeled away by the accelerating movement of his novels we too feel a renewal of faith in the good, bad, and mediocre that represent humanity.

I stress the merit I find in "The Sumner Intrigue" because I think Mr. Swinnerton, since his early success, has been underrated. But I must admit he has faults that seem to keep him from being considered the peer of, say, Forster or Joyce Cary. He does overdo (a very little) Sumner's perfection when he makes another doctor responsible for the one death Sumner feels guilty about. And at the novel's end I'm doubtful about the character Sam's conversion to charity. But these are small detractions that possibly shouldn't be mentioned. Frank Swinnerton is a charitable, intelligent, and gifted writer, who at his best (which is frequent) is a more artful and a more restrained H. G. Wells.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1132)

EPSTEIN:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

It is supposed that I do my work in a storm of controversy, somewhat like a boxing ring, with adherents and enemies shouting encouragement and abuse. The reality is that for long periods, thank God, I work quietly and give no heed to anything else.

". . . the slight chastisement of satire . . .

By Jovian Parable

"The Notebooks of Major Thompson," by Pierre Daninos *(translated by Robin Farn. Alfred A. Knopf. 213 pp. $2.95), tells of some highly fictional and amusing international incidents in which a blood-brother of the British Colonel Blimp manages to find himself while on a pleasure jaunt to France.*

By Laurent LeSage

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES, the old motto of comedy, may also be written across those works that seek to point up national foibles through the candid utterances of an imaginary foreigner. In eighteenth-century France, where censure taxed the ingenuity of the reformer, this sort of writing was fashioned into a very telling weapon. But nowadays, although the form remains much the same in such indulgent books as "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," the emphasis is on laughter, and the slight chastisement of satire is accompanied by little reassuring pats.

Neither the Frenchman nor the Englishman need take alarm at M. Daninos's satire, for it is only the stock caricature of his ways which he knows already so well. Major Thompson is, of course, toothy. His late wife was, of course, horsey. Living for decorum and the empire, the major says "By Jove!" now and again as he pours himself a cup of tea. M. Taupin squeals and waves his arms when he talks, and he has an eye for the ladies and for well-prepared sauces.

Perhaps the mere fact of its conventionality made this satire the thumping success it was in France. But one would prefer to think its popularity was due to the skill of

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—"The Notebooks of Major Thompson."

. . . accompanied by little reassuring pats."

Pierre Daninos, who manages to turn old stuff into pungent comedy. In both external and internal aspects of his work we perceive a typically French mathematical organization, here employed in the interest of humor. Each of the sixteen chapters, constructed originally for newspaper articles, forms a unit in itself. Yet each is an integral part of the whole, treating its theme of the quaint absurdities of social manners, travel, and sports within a discreetly fixed number of pages and within a fixed pattern of contrast and comparison: the English are always silent, the French forever talking; the Englishman loves doing things that serve no purpose while the Frenchman eats the fish he catches; the French father wants his child to become an intellectual, the English father would rather have his child play rugby. The entire French character itself is reduced to ambivalences and oppositions: Frenchmen profess republicanism but are mad about the aristocracy; they are the most hospitable people in the world but never invite you home. "Astonishing as it seems," writes M. Daninos, "the Almighty allowed himself only a few bucketfuls of water to separate the two most dissimilar peoples on earth." Balance, parallel, antithesis—devices of French rhetoric—sharpen the humor and underline the trails.

M. Daninos's anecdotes are pearls of humorous parable. Anyone who has lived in France will mellow with reminiscence at the account of pot-luck with the Taupins, who talk incessantly of succulent pheasant they served the week before; and at the account of a trip with M. Taupin, who passes up five drugstores before he consents to buy his medicine; and at the account of being received in a parlor enshrouded in dust-covers. References

(*Continued on page* 48)

The Wistful Wag

"Robert Benchley: A Biography," by Nathaniel Benchley *(foreword by Robert E. Sherwood. McGraw-Hill. 259 pp. $3.95), offers some interesting and enlightening remembrances of the late humorist, all of them put together in the form of a biography by his son.*

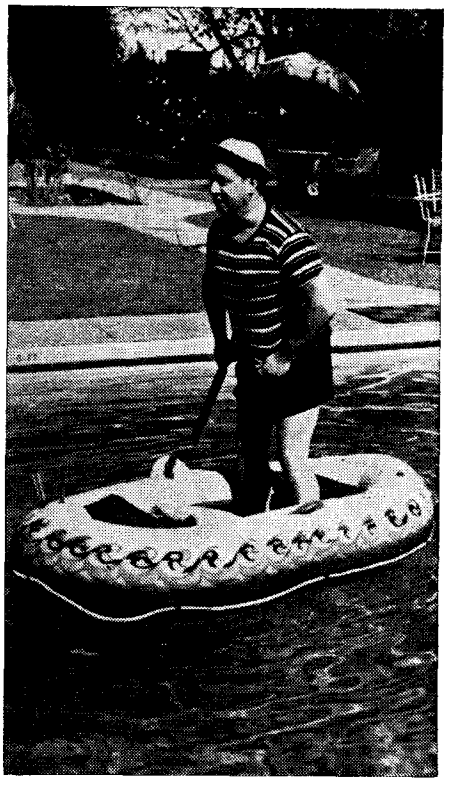
By John T. Winterich

A BIOGRAPHY by a relative is usually, but by no means always, a house-organ that is loyal to the house. It is also, however, likely to contain material which the biographer who lacks the blood tie might miss, or the significance of which might escape him.

Nathaniel Benchley's biography of his father, Robert (and he comes right out and calls it a biography), is as detached and objective as one could ask, but it also has the advantages that accrue from close kinship. Certainly there was nothing in Benchley's career to call for suppression by the most devoted and finicky of descendants. And it turns out to have been a career with considerable quiet little drama in it.

That career had its undramatic start in Worcester, Mass., in 1889 (four years before S. N. Behrman appeared on the identical scene). Robert attended church faithfully ("every Sunday," his son reports, "until he went away to school, and even after that when he came home on vacation"), and not only church, but Sunday school (which was held after instead of before the morning service) and, in the late afternoon, the Christian Endeavor meeting, and finally the regular evening service. It made a pretty rugged day, and not just for the minister. One Sunday afternoon Carry (*not* Carrie) Nation, the saloon-smasher from Kansas, gave a talk which Robert characterized in his diary as "red-hot". (He was a confirmed diarist.) He attended South High School and left at the end of his junior year to finish his prep-school days at Phillips Exeter. From Exeter he went to Harvard, but he married a girl whom he first met when each of them was eight years old: they went to the same church and some of the same schools. His first job after graduation from college in 1912 was an $800-a-year secretarial position at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

A foreword by Robert E. Sherwood (certainly one of the last things he wrote) is of much greater pertinence and value than the usual introduction by another hand because it illuminates several phases of Benchley's life as observed by a co-participant. Sherwood did not share the other Robert's Harvard days, but he knew a lot about them, and he knew, or knew of, the Harvard notables of that era: Charlie Brickley, Eddie Mahan, Tack Hardwick (football players, and great ones); Leverett Saltonstall (later to be Governor and United States Senator); Richard Wigglesworth (long-time member of Congress); Gluyas Williams (who was to become to Benchley what John Tenniel was to Lewis Carroll, the perfect illustrator); Frederick Lewis Allen (who would edit *Harper's*); and, "not to mention," adds Sherwood, "Ham Fish, an all-time all-American who also ascended Capitol Hill and did his best to give the legislative form of government a bad name." Benchley's and Sherwood's paths did



A hunter in "The Reluctant Dragon."

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THE AUTHOR: Nathaniel Benchley, thirty-nine-year-old author of "Robert Benchley: A Biography," has found that being the son of a celebrated humorist is a mixed blessing. "When you first start in," he says, "it is an advantage, because people will read your offerings just because of the name. After that it is a handicap, because you are expected to be as good as your progenitor." Mr. Benchley has solved the problem by steering clear of the kind of writing his father did, so that no legitimate comparisons could be made. In his own writing Benchley *fils* feels—as his father once said—that he doesn't know enough words to have a style and that his work has been more influenced by Thurber, Gibbs, and E. B. White than by Benchley *père*. He has turned out one collection of short stories, "Side Street," which he converted into the Broadway play "Frogs of Spring" two seasons back.

In this biography Mr. Benchley used his father's diaries and his mother's memory as far as the mid-Twenties. Although he kept a diary of his own from 1931 to 1941 he didn't refer to it at all. Rather, he went out and collected anecdotes from people who had known the late humorist, which turned out to be quite a job because surprisingly few people remembered any pertinent material. Some of their stories were very funny to hear, but just didn't look right in print. Benchley, who attended Exeter and Harvard and has worked for the *New York Herald Tribune* and *Newsweek*, is now busy writing an original screenplay for M-G-M. He hopes to be able to earn enough from motion-picture and short-story writing to afford himself the luxury of turning out more plays without inflicting undue hardship on his wife and two sons, the elder of whom, Peter (fifteen), is now at Exeter and also showing signs of being interested in a writing career. *His* father is neither encouraging nor discouraging him. As he says, "If I learned anything from *my* relationship with *my* father it was to let the children govern their own lives." —HENRY HEWES.

not cross until 1919, and then they didn't cross—they coincided. Sherwood got a job on *Vanity Fair* and became junior to two older hands—Bob Benchley and Dorothy Parker. The two Bobs served the same masters thereafter for ten years, for after *Vanity Fair* there was a *Life* phase (this was the *Life* with the jokes in it).

Benchley *fils*'s subject emerges in this book as a Walter-Mittyish, shy, rather puritanical, inoffensive, pacifistic, pleasantly ordinary person—also an often-confused, fumbling, uncertain, worriful, and wistful one. He was the perfect Benchley of his own movie shorts. Everything happened to him; he was a veritable magnet for minor disaster. His incapacity with mechanical gadgets was nothing short of phenomenal; he could not even fasten an airplane safety-belt. And, like most clowns, he was basically sad; he felt, like so many in his trade, that his forte really lay elsewhere—in "serious" writing.

HE *could* do serious writing. In 1921 one of Robert Benchley's acquaintances passed along to him the story that Judge Webster Thayer, who was trying the murder case against Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, had expressed his hope to "get them good and proper." The acquaintance had heard the judge express this sentiment at the Worcester Golf Club, and in 1927 when an attempt to gain a new trial was made Benchley volunteered an affidavit that cited his acquaintance's report. The acquaintance denied making it; but Benchley went to Boston and appeared before the special committee which was examining the case at the request of Governor Alvan T. Fuller. He subsequently wrote the Governor a three-page single-spaced letter which was an eloquent, if futile, plea for the condemned men.

It startled this reviewer, a Benchleyite from way back, to learn that Benchley appeared in no fewer than forty-six movie shorts. His literary output comprised only twelve books (plus three posthumous collections selected from the earlier ones). When the Dictionary of American Biography gets around to him (and it will) it will almost have to categorize him as actor rather than as author, but "humorist" will do nicely.

The new biography by his son is an admirable job all the way. It is valuable, too, as a period piece, because it presents a good picture of the newspaper and magazine worlds (and to a lesser extent of the theatre and motion-picture worlds) between two world wars.

Flies Around the Titan

"The Stature of Theodore Dreiser," edited by Alfred Kazin and Charles Shapiro *(Indiana University Press. 303 pp. $5), offers a collection of critical essays about the famous author of "Sister Carrie," "An American Tragedy," and other notable American novels. Our reviewer, Robert E. Spiller, is one of the editors of "The Literary History of the United States."*

By Robert E. Spiller

IT SEEMS to be the fashion nowadays to erect to each major author a monument of a collection of critical essays about him and his work. Eliot, Faulkner, Wolfe, Hemingway, Henry James, and many others have received this tribute. Now it is the turn of that controversial old titan Theodore Dreiser, and the task has been well performed by Alfred Kazin and Charles Shapiro.

From the hundred or so essays about Dreiser listed in the bibliography (not counting an equal number or more of reviews of individual works) Mr. Shapiro, one may assume, has collected a representative group of the best, to which Mr. Kazin has added his critical review and stamp of approval together with an introduction that reiterates much of his earlier enthusiasm for the master and relates it to the present critical situation. This is an ideal team for the job because it assures both definitive coverage and mature critical authority, and the result is a book which measures the stature of Dreiser in the eyes of his contemporaries in about as accurately as any one book could.

Dreiser has long been recognized as the focal figure in the critical battles of twentieth-century American literature. From the mixed reaction to "Sister Carrie" in 1900, through a half century of acclaim and denunciation, to the uneven reviews of his final novels ("The Bulwark" and "The Stoic," upon which he was working in his last days), there has been a steady and unresolved debate on all he has done. To ask, "What do you think of Theodore Dreiser?" has always been a way of asking, "What is your basic critical position?" in an age when one's critical position was important because the literature under consideration was important.

The reader of this anthology would be justified in expecting a confusion of attack and defense, with a representation of almost every possible shade of opinion or prejudice, and

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without any clear and single conclusion. It is somewhat surprising to discover, therefore, that the portrait of Dreiser that these various critics present varies hardly at all from one year to the next and from one critical angle of view to another. The early reviews of "Sister Carrie" accurately stated what Dreiser was, what he was trying to accomplish, and just how well he succeeded. He often repeated the accomplishment of this first novel, but he never did anything very different or much better or much worse. Through all these years this Gibraltar-like literary figure has stood while ships sailed by in all kinds of weather or dashed themselves unavailingly against his side. He has always been the honest and profound and bemused absorber of life in all its tragic intensity and he has always been the writer for whom expression was but an outpouring of the unbearable fulness of his experience.

Literary radicals of his own ilk, like Bourne and Mencken and Cowley and Kazin, have always been willing to excuse gaucheries of style for depth and vitality of content; neo-humanists and other judicial critics like Sherman and Shafer and Whipple and Trilling have always agreed that the price is too high and that intensity and fidelity are no substitutes for clarity of thought and feeling, and that lack of taste is never excusable in a work of art. These things were said in November 1900 by the *Louisville* (Ky.) *Times*; they are being said again in 1955, more fully and more subtly, by Saul Bellow, John Berryman, James T. Farrell, and Alfred Kazin. The critics of all schools buzz about their business like flies, but the stature of Theodore Dreiser and his place in American literature remains serene and fixed.

—*Leonid Skvirsky.*

Elizabeth Stevenson—"the full life."

Full-Length Prophet

"Henry Adams," by Elizabeth Stevenson *(Macmillan. 425 pp. $6), is the first complete biography of a noted American writer who had a great deal to say about his own life in his famous volume "The Education of Henry Adams." Here it is reviewed by Leon Edel, who is the highly regarded biographer of another American writer, Henry James.*

By Leon Edel

THE basic facts of Henry Adams's career have long been known. There was first the self-revelation of his autobiography; subsequently we had several collections of his letters; in recent years many volumes have provided the background of his time and the lives of his important contemporaries. In 1948 Ernest Samuels gave us "The Young Henry Adams," a study of his formative years, and now Miss Stevenson has essayed the full life for the first time since his death thirty-seven years ago.

Henry Adams had a rich and sensitive mind and was, behind his misanthropic exterior, a deeply humane individual. He had been formed rather rigidly in the heavy heritage of his Presidential ancestry and of New England dogma; and by the most subtle and delicate process he achieved, within his sensibility, a system of feathery balances, so that the discharge of his emotions might be propped by flying buttresses and filtered through his stained-glass windows. His mind was like the cathedrals he came to study; it was no accident that he turned to them.

Adams was a pessimist, haunted across the decades by the suicide of his wife; yet he belied his pessimism by his unremitting quest for a pattern in life and a meaning in history. No one has searched more thoroughly and more prophetically. He visioned the atomic age and the space world of our time in the era before the automobile; he scrutinized the landmass of Russia and read its meaning with unerring insight. And his imaginative coupling of the Dynamo and the impelling figure of the Virgin in the Middle Ages, which he saw as a sexual force, was an insight akin to Freud's—"the greatest and most mysterious of all energies."

The problem posed for the biographer is that Henry Adams's life was outwardly quiet, unhurried, and meditative, deepened by tragedy and marked largely by his work, his friendships, and his travel. It is the story of a thoughtful life. Yet Miss Stevenson translates it into terms which express exactly the opposite. His consciousness, as gossamer in its thought and as imaginative as Gothic traceries, is imaged for us in the language of earthquakes and hurricanes. He leads "an interior life of high velocity of thought and violence of sensation." He is a "seismograph recording earthquakes of the future." There is in him the "fundamental drive of his mental motor." As he walks about a city "a whole new world of sensation and idea filled his mind. . . . Thought seethed." Sometimes, however, it is merely pastoral: "He chewed the cud of the problem." Again, he "cultivated the manner not of a historian, but of a man of the world." What, we might ask his biographer, is the manner of a historian?

"The battle was in the mind," says Miss Stevenson, "the debris was piled up interiorly." (She likes words ending in *ly*) "More and more direly" Adams must "outface the new time nakedly and unprotectedly." Also "it is interesting to watch the prick of the desire to write begin to bother him." And finally, when he has a paralytic stroke, we are in the boxing ring: "The proud articulate man was down." In our minds we finish the cliche "—— but not out!"

FROM the above it may be seen that Miss Stevenson's concept of the mind is largely athletic. When I reviewed her first book, a study of Henry James, six years ago I noted that she had documented herself "on the run." This strenuous view of criticism and biography seems to persist. I suspect, indeed, that the central fault in Miss Stevenson's book is that she has sought to enliven a quiet life by writing it in "brisk" prose. Adams's life needs neither pace nor briskness, but rather constant appraisal, sifting, pulling together. The materials by which he lived, gathered with such zest and enthusiasm by Miss Stevenson, require molding, by a difficult probing process, into a man —and not mere quick narration.

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The Nation Next Door

"The Struggle for the Border," by Bruce Hutchison *(Longmans, Green. 500 pp. $6), traces some little-known history of the boundary line between Canada and the U.S.—a line whose history and whose implications are far better known to Canadians than they are to us. Mr. Burt, our reviewer, is the author of "A Short History of Canada for Americans."*

By A. L. Burt

THE United States is like an unimaginative self-confident man who takes his able and sensitive wife for granted and expects her to love, honor, and obey him even though in his ignorance he has often trampled upon her feelings and never sought her advice. Canada is that wife, bound in an American marriage for which there is no possibility of an American divorce; and Bruce Hutchison, one of the leading journalists in Canada, now speaks up for the wife.

This is a book for the general American reader. It is alive with personalities and action, it is written in a picturesque and almost breathless style attuned to the popular taste, and its theme is of vital interest to the people of the United States and Canada. The "border" of the title is the boundary between these two countries. Its "struggle" has passed through many phases from the beginning of French and English settlement on this continent down to the present day, and this centuries-long struggle has left an abiding mark upon the relations between the two nations.

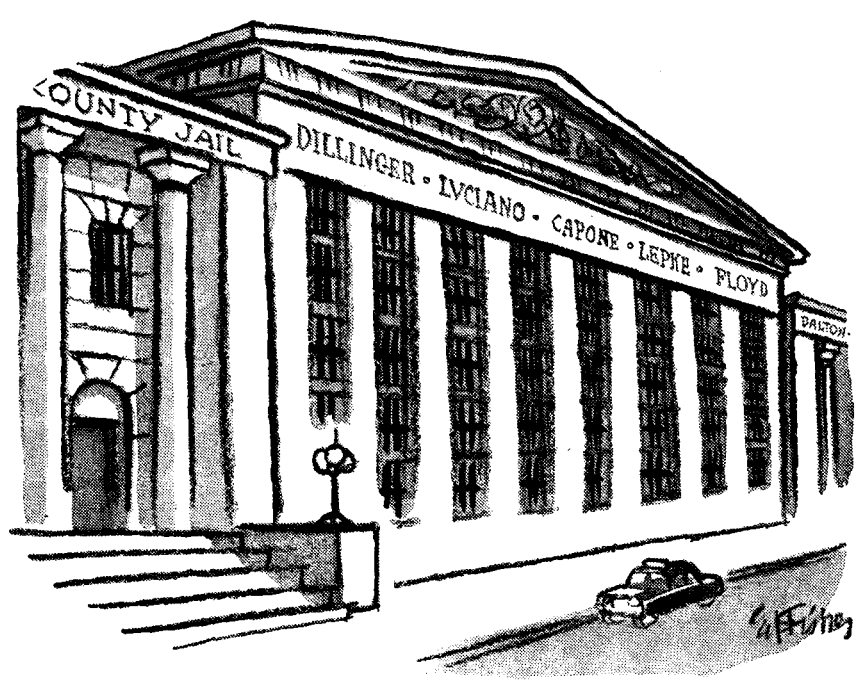
How many Americans know that their forbears, by settling in New England, colonized a region which the French had earlier examined and rejected as a base for their empire in America? And how many know why this happened? How many know that there was a time when France had the population, the money, and the power to make this a French-speaking continent, and why she did not do it? How many know that the American Revolution, which was precipitated by the British conquest of New France, strengthened the surviving British North America and reinforced it with an anti-American bias to match the anti-British bias in the United States? How many know what Canadians can never forget: that Canadians had to fight in these two wars against American attempts to conquer them?

At this point of the story Mr. Hutchison has missed something of deep importance in subsequent Canadian-American relations. He notes the British demand at Ghent for a southward revision of the international boundary in order to give Canada security against another American attack when the mother country's hands were tied elsewhere. But he does not mention the argument with which John Quincy Adams parried this demand. Adams told the British commissioners that they already had the security they sought in their undoubted ability to strike a more damaging blow on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. He was referring to a fact which the cherished American tradition of victories in single ship engagements has since obscured: that the Royal Navy was then strangling the American war effort by a tight blockade of the American coast right up to New England. Here was a condition that goes far to explain why there was no more war, though there were serious disputes, between the two North American neighbors.

American imperialism got its American name of "manifest destiny" long before the word "imperialism" was coined and it found encouragemen in the anti-imperialist movement ir Britain which reached its climax ir the middle of the nineteenth century But "manifest destiny" defeated its own purpose of carrying the Stars anc Stripes northward to the pole, foi instead of winning Canadian hearts it hardened them against the Unitec States. Fear and distrust of the Unitec States, coming to a head as a consequence of the Civil War, drove the disjointed British North America into forming the Dominion. Then the same fear and distrust drove the Dominion into the imperial expansion that carried it to the Pacific.

AGAIN and again Ottawa knocked at the door of Washington, asking for reciprocity, but was turned away. American politicians thought that by letting Canada stew in her own juice they would hasten the day when she would beg for admission to the United States; but they only repeated the blatant error of "manifest destiny," as the Canadian electorate demonstrated in 1911.

Canadians are much more familiar with this story than are U.S. citizens, for, though geography has inexorably tied Canada to the United States and world war has drawn them into much closer partnership, the Canadian national spirit is now stronger than it ever was. The two countries have combined to build the St. Lawrence Seaway and a triple radar warning screen across the top of the continent; but American tariff policies and practices still injure Canada, and American foreign policy stirs Canadian doubts and fears which should be understood and weighed—and not resented and rejected—by Washington.



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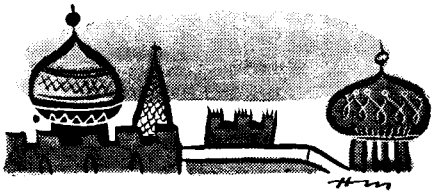
Guide to the Green Table



"How Communists Negotiate," by Adm. C. Turner Joy, USN Ret. *(with a foreword by Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, USA Ret. Macmillan, 178 pp. $3.50), offers an account of the author's experiences in dealing with the Communists, together with some interesting conclusions. Here it is reviewed by Quincy Howe, noted news analyst for the American Broadcasting Company and author of "A World History of Our Own Times" among other books.*

By Quincy Howe

ADMIRAL C. TURNER JOY is the man who served as Senior Delegate and Chief of the United Nations Command Delegation to the Korean Armistice Commission from July 1951 to May 1952. Now, he has published an account of his experiences in which he reaches this conclusion: "Either the darkness of Communism will engulf the world or the banner of freedom will fly over all lands."

Woodrow Wilson used to talk that way. So did Lenin, Hitler, and Mussolini. The military mind, by its very nature, must see the world in black and white. As General MacArthur has observed, "In war there is no substitute for victory."

Events of our own day—and of earlier times—have not vindicated those who have insisted from time to time throughout history that the world must keep choosing between universal salvation and universal damnation. But it also takes fire to fight fire, and Admiral Joy's long and distinguished professional experience in the art and science of warfare gives him keen insight into the mental processes of the indoctrinated Communist, be he Russian, Chinese, or Korean. This type of mental discipline also made him a formidable (and patient, persistent, and tough) negotiator, He recognized at once, for instance, that the Communists regarded our willingness to negotiate a truce in Korea as a sign of weakness. And he resented, perhaps more than anything else, the impatience which is such a deeply ingrained American characteristic. "Avoid a "'hurry-up' attitude," he writes, "for such an attitude tends to invoke a Communist conclusion that you are pressed for time. The enemy will not credit you with humanitarian motives. Quite the contrary, show plainly that you are willing to terminate or suspend negotiations at any time the Communists may desire."

He warns that in any future negotiations with any Communists the proposed agenda must be studied with a microscope. And when the negotiations begin never concede anything without a *quid pro quo*. *Any* point is important; Communists understand and respect force—nothing else. They fear the truth and, while they have no compunctions about deceit, they prefer to twist part of the truth rather than attempt to deny it all.

Admiral Joy reaches these conclusions on the basis of his long-drawn-out negotiations with the rigid General Nam Il of North Korea and with Red China's slightly more human General Hsieh. In Admiral Joy's view the worst mistake our Government made in the Korean War was to reject General MacArthur's advice by not carrying the fight to Red China. This is not the place to reopen that controversy, but it might be pointed out in passing that Admiral Joy addresses himself chiefly to the military advantages of the MacArthur strategy.

Admiral Joy scores his more telling points in connection with the more prudent policy that the Truman Administration chose to pursue. Through sheer inexperience officials of that Administration made needless advance concessions to the Communists, he says. They jumped too fast at Jacob Malik's proposed cease fire. They accepted too readily the existing battle-line as the basis for the cease-fire. They called off a punishing United Nations offensive too soon and too completely. They grossly overrated the danger of a general war with Russia. And their publicity releases frequently hampered their own negotiators.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"From Panmunjon to Geneva."

HE deplores especially the decision of the United Nations Command to insist on voluntary repatriation of war prisoners. He argues that the Communists, for once, had the law and the facts on their side when they opposed voluntary repatriation. He also contends that we came off second-best in the end: we might have got more of our men back had we accepted an all-for-all exchange. He points out that the example we set in refusing to send back the reluctant war prisoners did not weaken the authority of the Red Chinese regime. And he fears that we may have set a dangerous precedent for ourselves.

"How Communists Negotiate" throws important new light on the Korean War and its aftermath. And no anti-Communist propaganda can produce such a maddening effect on the reader as the long quotations from General Nam Il and General Hsieh. Students of Far Eastern affairs will detect subtle differences between the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists and may discern latent conflicts between the Chinese and the Russians. But even allowing for differences in national temperament and in national interest within the Communist camp Admiral Joy's story also bears on such present negotiations as those between Washington and Moscow. Granting the greater intransigeance of the Chinese the methods that they and the North Koreans used at Panmunjom still have much in common with Molotov's methods at Geneva or Sobolev's at the United Nations. It is not necessary to accept, as Admiral Joy does, the Korean strategy recommended by General MacArthur; it is not necessary to accept all his strictures on Truman-Acheson policy in the Far East. Reasonable men will continue to disagree on these matters as long as history is written. But it will be an unreasonable American, indeed, who will not learn much from Admiral Joy's book.

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The Art of Gaiety

"Milou's Daughter, Madeleine," by Mrs. Robert Henrey *(E. P. Dutton. 252 pp. $3.50), adds some fresh episodes to the career of a young French girl who is, in reality, Mrs. Robert Henrey, and who has appeared before as the principal character in three volumes of that lady's autobiographical writings.*

By Anne Fremantle

THE legend that Frenchwomen are different and infinitely more exciting than any other of the species is an old one, and it is now strongly buttressed by Mrs. Robert Henrey's fifth autobiographical excursion. Who else, being middleaged, could write with such apparent artlessness—and thereby charm, if not all her readers, at least her publishers on both sides of the Atlantic—this sentence. "The music of the streets, the music of accordions, the music of my girlhood, comes to us from all sides like the waves of the sea, and as my breasts swell with remembrance and joy, I exclaim at the top of my voice 'Oh, how I love that music'"? Most of us, alas, even though not as young and lovely as the gifted opera singers to whom Mrs. Henrey's Madeleine was speaking, would growl, as the opera singer did, "I abominate street-music," the hurdy-gurdy, the barrel-organ, the squeegee.

It's all in the point of view, of course. And Madeleine's point of view is the eternally and irrepressibly feminine. Note well, however, that is not the female one. In none of Mrs. Henrey's books do sons, lovers, or husbands rate more than a bare mention (in one a husband arrives for Christmas; in this one a son receives postcards). It is femininity which ruffles every page. Watching the Nice carnival from a balcony, Madeleine whispers to a complete stranger standing next her: "Do you prefer dancing to making love, Madame?" and the *inconnue*, enchanted by the question, replies, "Dancing is perhaps the most elegant occupation but. . . ." On another occasion "little ripples of pleasures" run up Madeleine's spine at the thought of talking dresses. Do women dress for each other? Madeleine certainly does, for there is nothing in her that is not 100, 1,000 per cent feminine. And how all the men fall for it!

Once, when twenty and just married, traveling back alone after a lonely convalescence on the Riviera, Madeleine met the bear-leader of Frank Jay Gould's loveliest stableful of girls, the Miss Europe of the day among them. The bear-leader deserted his Venuses to sit with Madeleine, and she, genuinely incredulous, asked, "How on earth can you leave them, even for a moment?" To which he replied, "I much prefer to talk to you—you are so gay." How the reader agrees with this "intelligent young man!" There is such a glorious gusto, a sparkle-plenty about her gaiety.

The mining village of Grand Combe, which is the object of her not-so-pious pilgrimage (her father had worked in the mines there before making life pretty grim for Madeleine and her mother) becomes almost agreeable, though no one could blame Madeleine for having stayed much, much longer at Nice, at the Splendide, enjoying the gala attentions of the mayor, and the deputy mayor, and their gifted and charming families. Madeleine extracts the stories of their lives from everyone she meets, whether it is a workman in a bistro, a nun, a broken-down roué, a child, or a rich and overstuffed Belgian widow.

AND her prattle is consummate art. She uses dialogue and contrast to perfection, showing her agonised young couple nursing a fifteen-month-old daughter, in just the right context of the theatre, as "a jewel . . . decorated throughout in garnet-red velvet." And the soap made from deported Jews in the white urn is the more real and ghastly because of the lovely cemetery in which it stands and also because "only a couple of pages back" Madeleine had been lunching with the Aga Khan and his Begum in Yakymour, their love-nest. How much we learn from her of the blessed olive trees and the cruel carnations, of the lives of waiters and croupiers, of hotel magnates and chauffeurs, of flower-sellers and restaurateurs. She is a true magician, for even the dullest people—that old lady we have all met in every pension as she knits fatly in the best armchair, and that snoring old man who has dined too well—reveal themselves at the one moment when they were, however briefly, alive; when love woke them, or death.

Madeleine is Mrs. Bloom, but, thank heaven, she doesn't talk English (or Greek, or Hebrew, or Joyce's jargon of all three), but French, though Mrs. Robert Henrey translates her perfectly. And we devour it all. Madeleine is so much in love with life that she dotes on sad stories and on cemeteries, and she will surely enjoy her own funeral tremendously. Baedecker and Michelin should vie with one another to hire her to write guide-books, for none knows better than she that without its crowds the Cannebière is just another street, the Promenade des Anglais just another avenue. With the eternal feminine to lead us on, we see them as Madeleine does. *Vive* Madeleine!

Dog

By William Jay Smith

DOGS are quite a bit like people,
Or so it seems to me somehow.
Like people dogs go anywhere,
They swim in the sea, they leap through the air,
They bark and growl, they sit and stare,
They even wear what people wear.
Look at that Poodle with a hat on its noodle,
Look at that Boxer sporting a fox fur,
Look at that Weimarraner with that red blanket on her,
Look at that Sealyham in diamonds from Rotterdam,
Look at that Afghan wrapped in an Afghan,
Look at that Chow on the deck of a dhow
All prettied up for some big powwow
Waiting for Chinamen to come kowtow.
Don't they all look just like people?
You can bet your boots they do. Bow-wow!

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Two Souls in the Saddle

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

EVERY year as a part of the World Championship Rodeo in Madison Square Garden a lingo-speaking, bespangled Hollywood cowboy named Roy Rogers rides into the ring. There he performs with a professional aplomb which has made him one of the most popular of theatrical cowboys, and though his success may thus far have seemed of little importance to the book world Roy has come to the attention of even this world this year. For this autumn in the middle of his act Roy held up a newly published book for all his audience to see.

The book is **"The Answer Is God: The Inspiring Personal Story of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers and the Miracle That Changed Their Lives,"** by Elise Miller Davis (McGraw-Hill, $3.25), and as the kind of writing which is known to the trade as inspirational it may this season prove to be preeminent. One reason for its preeminence, of course, is the fact that it has already climbed to a sale of approximately 40,000 copies in less than two months. The other—and deeper—reason is that of all the books of its class none offers a more remarkable description of the manner in which undoubted sincerity can be combined with showmanship to create an American religious phenomenon.

"When I was sent to California by *The Reader's Digest* to undertake a story about the Rogers family," writes author Davis, who is one of that magazine's highly professional three-name woman writers, "I soon realized that theirs was one of the great stories of our time. I felt, however, that it could never be properly told in a short article, that it had to be a book. Because the enormity hit me squarely—whatever happened in the hearts of this home could echo in homes all over the world."

That Mrs. Davis judged the interest of her subject matter accurately is proved not only by the book's sales figures but by its content. For the book is as studded with tear-jerking stories as the blanket of Roy's horse, Trigger, is studded with rhinestones, and every now and then Mrs. Davis manages a superb confession story style.

Early in the book Mrs. Davis quotes a speech in which Roy announces his decision to include a religious number in his annual rodeo act. "Buckaroos," she quotes him as saying. (Roy Rogers spoke calmly, more sure of himself than any of the executives of the Roy Rogers Enterprises who were meeting with him in a room of New York's Sherry-Netherland Hotel.) "Mama and I asked you all to come up here so we could explain our decision that's been kicking up so much dust." (His eyes went across the room to his wife, Dale Evans, whom he calls Mama, and his face crinkled into a fleeting smile. Then it smoothed and was solemn again). "As you know, for years I've kept wondering why I landed in the spot I'm in. I've said it and said it: I'm not really good looking, I can't act, and there are dozens of people who can sing better. Still, millions of little children all over the world love me enough to pray for me every night. *Why*? I've asked that question over and over. . . ." Before Roy has finished his speech Mrs. Davis has cleared up the reason for his decision. The reason: the Rogerses' only child, a little girl named Robin who was born a Mongoloid, had died; and with the heartbreaking story of the child constantly hanging over her pages, Mrs. Davis proceeds to trace the lives of Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans Rogers.

The life of Roy Rogers, according to Mrs. Davis, was of the variety which made him "the honored guest on Ralph Edwards's famous television show, 'This Is Your Life'." For this program Mr. Edwards had a pre-1930 Dodge automobile wheeled on-stage. The Dodge bore a painted sign which read "Don't Hit Me, Big Boy, I'm Getting Old." On "This Is Your Life" the car was exhibited as a relic from the guitar-strumming days when Roy Rogers was not famous and was hitting the road on one-night stands. And, like a repeat performance of "This Is Your Life," Mrs. Davis reaches back to the boyhood of Roy, to his days as an Ohio farm boy, the days when he wanted to become a doctor, when he suffered from the Depression, and when he sang and strummed his way into radio programs before he found a place in movies. Then Mrs. Davis turns back to the childhood life of Dale Evans Rogers. Born in Texas, Dale, according to Mrs. Davis, grew up in a religious family only to elope with a large group of other high-school students from her home town (who then paired off and were married in one mass wedding ceremony). No sooner, however, was Dale's son, Tommy Fox, born than she was deserted by her husband and the long years of working in offices and singing on radio began for her.

—*From "The Answer Is God."*

Roy Rogers with their Scottish ward.

BY the time that Dale and Roy had met Tommy Fox had grown up into a religious young man, and one Sunday after Dale and Roy had married (and while Dale was having trouble gaining the confidence of her new step-children) Tommy Fox leaned over to his mother in church and asked, "Is everything all right with your soul, Mother?" Writes Mrs. Davis of this event: "When finally [she] reached the house in the Hollywood Hills, Dale turned the children over to [their

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Cat

By William Jay Smith

CATS are not at all like people,
Cats are Cats.

People wear stockings and sweaters,
Overcoats, mufflers, and hats.
Cats wear nothing: they lie by the fire
For twenty-four hours if they desire.
They do NOT rush out to the office,
They do NOT have interminable chats,
They do NOT play Old Maid and
Checkers,
They do NOT wear bright yellow
spats.

People, of course, will always be
people,
But Cats are Cats.

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nurses] for the first time. She went to her bedroom and fell face down on the corduroy spread. 'The years of my life seemed to be peering at me from crazy angles,' Dale says. 'I remembered the early religious training my parents had tried to give me, the decision I'd made for Christianity when I was ten, in Osceola, Arkansas. And the way I'd strayed away after my high-school elopement. From then on I'd thought only of a successful career and financial security. I forgot that such things as the Bible and prayers even existed. And it dawned on me that my reasons for remembering were pretty selfish ones.' Finally Dale wept. Then she picked up the phone and dialed [her son's] number. 'Tommy,' she said. 'I've changed my mind, son. I've decided to join the church'."

IT WAS not long after this that the baby Robin was born. The Rogerses spared neither time nor expense in their effort to help the child, but in the end Robin died. Said Roy Rogers in his speech to his executives when he made his decision to include a religious number in his rodeo performance: "Then a little girl came to our house to live. And she taught our family a lot of lessons and brought us a lot of answers." (He paused.) "It's just that—that Mama and I think we found a message on the cross we've had to bear. And we feel if we carry that message while we work we can help a lot of parents and children everywhere. We think we know now why God gave us success, what He means for us to do with our lives . . . *and we're going to do it.*"

This autumn at Madison Square Garden, after he had held up a copy of "The Answer Is God" for all in his audience to see, the lights were dimmed and Roy Rogers did not make his ordinary speech of past years. Instead he advised all the little would-be cowboys in his audience that it was *not* sissy to go to Sunday School, and instead of singing "The Tumbling Tumbleweed" Roy sang "Peace in the Valley" while his horse Trigger knelt in imitation of a human being at prayer.

"When Elise Miller Davis first came to us with the idea of putting down the story of our lives we thought that it just wouldn't work," write Roy and Dale Rogers now as a foreword to Mrs. Davis's book. ". . . But it was not until we actually sat down and read 'The Answer Is God' that we realized how deeply Elise understood what had truly happened to us both. She saw, almost in a way that we ourselves hadn't even seen, the whole pattern way back in our lives. . . ."

Notes

SEXTET IN CAJUN-LAND: Whenever Emily Kimbrough travels the results are usually popular fodder for her lecture circuit as well as for such best-selling books as "Forty-Plus and Fancy Free" and the early and unforgettably charming "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." Therefore, the reader might expect another chuckle-provoking chronicle after Emily leads a group of her middle-aged ex-schoolmates on a pleasure jaunt through the state of Louisiana. Alas, in **"So Near and Yet So Far"** (Harper, $3.50) the humor is sparse and forced, and the details are heavy and sometimes downright dull. The misadventures of the traveling ladies as they bump their heads on upper berths, lock themselves in old hotel rooms, and complain of Room Service are varied but not unique. Further along in the Southern travelogue the "girls" investigate all the mouth-watering menus of the famous restaurants in the French Quarter of New Orleans and examine the ornamental grill-work on the old plantations. Their visit to the fisherman family of a shrimp boat as-it's-coming-in, their expedition on the U. S. Mail Boat 20W514, *The Addie*, through the bayou country, and their doings at a Cajun *fai do dos* dance-hall are most revealing as travel book material, but as entertainment Emily's latest has its limitations.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

REBA AND THE COUNTRY CLUB SET: Truth that is stranger than fiction can read suspiciously like fiction, and so it does in Reba Lee's **"I Passed for White"** (Longmans, Green, $3.95), a story of a living lie which is both moving and dramatic. As told to Mary Hastings Bradley, this real-life story comes off less as a documentary than it does as a glossy production in a slick Noel Cowardish setting. But it is rescued from artificiality by the rich, warm humanity of Reba's family. At school in Chicago creamy-skinned Reba hoped to "pass." She succeeded for two thrilling days, then paid the penalty in ostrascism and persecution.

Mary Hastings Bradley—"a living lie."

—*Hal Phyfe.*

Emily Kimbrough—"popular fodder."

Later, as a secretary in the business world, she found that the deception worked, and when the flashy musician with whom she was infatuated died she decided to desert her family and her race. At seventeen she stole off to New York, got a good job, joined a smart church, and was soon getting prettily by with a tale of the old *magnolia tradition back home in Virginia*. Turning down a raffish foreign correspondent, she became engaged to a young Ivy League executive from an ultra-conventional family in a stylish New York suburb. Then, though her fiance was a stickler for truth (and though she occasionally tripped on the lies that she proliferated about her background), their wedding went off brilliantly. At formal dinners and country club dances the Cinderella bride came a few social croppers, but she gracefully covered her tracks. In the end it took childbirth with its agonizing apprehensions and disillusionment to rouse her to a sense of life's values. —ANN F. WOLFE.

ROYAL REDHEAD: Those who haven't thought of Magda Lupescu lately may be relieved to learn that, after finally marrying King Carol of Rumania in 1947, she became Her Royal Highness Princess Elena. Now living in widowed exile in Portugal, she has taken on regal mannerisms, insists on the full deference paid to royalty, and studs her conversation with such phrases as "My pretty little cousin, Queen Elizabeth." This and other staggering oddments of information are packed into **"Lupescu,"** by Alice-Leone Moats (Holt, $3.50), a book better called non-authorized than unauthorized. After a weak beginning, the story of King Carol and his mistress unfolds into a world that might have been created by Evelyn Waugh. Why the personable monarch fell in love at first sight with a plumpish redhead who was as emotionally undeveloped as a child is something no one can fathom. But he did, and in 1940, when Hitler's ambassador informed Madame that only without her could Carol find refuge in Ger-

(Continued on page 49)

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Wrestling with Ethics

"On the Knowledge of Good and Evil," by Philip Blair Rice *(Random House. 299 pp. $4.50), takes up the battle of ethics and presents a new and interesting philosophical interpretation of the quality of goodness. It is reviewed here by Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale and author of "The Nature of Thought" and other books.*

By Brand Blanshard

WHEN the present century began there were two fields in philosophy where some degree of peace and stability seemed to have been reached. These were the fields of logic and ethics. But within a few years both became battlefields again, and in both the opening guns were fired from Cambridge. Russell and Whitehead's "Principia Mathematica" led to the transformation of logic. G. E. Moore's "Principia Ethica" started a train of reflections that has transformed ethics.

Moore argued in his famous book that what made an action right was the consequences to which it led. But what made these consequences in turn worth having? Obviously their being desirable or good in themselves. But what exactly does one mean by this "goodness" that belongs to all good things and makes them good? It is not a quality like yellow or hard that you can see or feel, and Moore concluded that it was not a quality in the natural world at all; science could not observe it, nor therefore responsibly talk about it; it was to be seen only by the eye of reason, or intuition. Yet Moore had no doubt that it was there, or that any man of intelligence could see it.

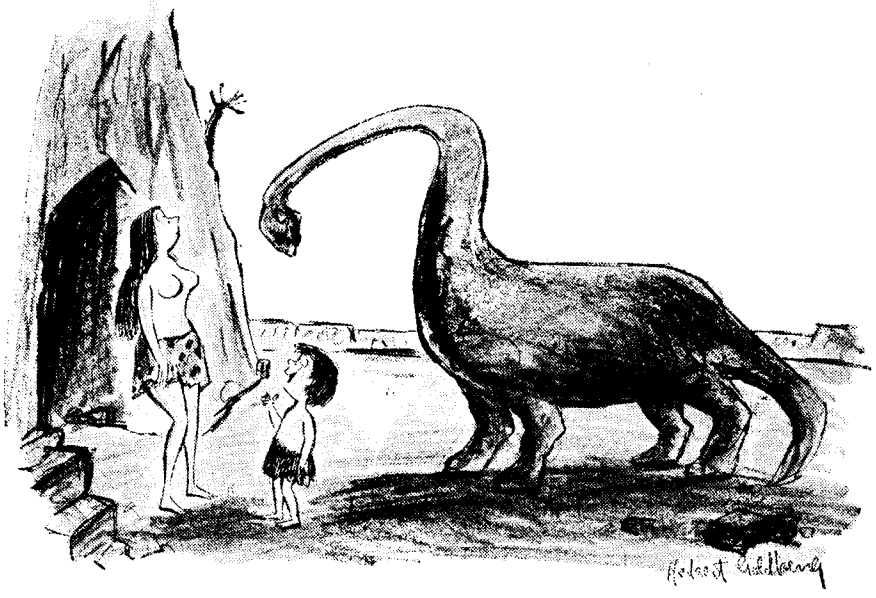
He persuaded many philosophers that they saw it too. But there were some notable dissenters. Russell, Carnap, and Ayer agreed that goodness was not a quality that could be observed by science, but they went on to add that neither was it the sort of non-natural quality that Moore held it was; they could find nothing of the kind in their experience. But if it was neither a natural nor a non-natural characteristic what in the world was it? Their answer began a new period in ethics. Goodness, they said, is not a quality or a property at all. When we say anything is good we say nothing about it whatever; we are merely expressing our attitude toward it. A judgment of value, moral or esthetic, is in essence an exclamation.

It is over this issue that the chief battle in ethics is now being fought. The newest ethical school, that of the Oxford analysts, has toned down the extremes of the earlier "emotivists" by distinguishing a vast variety of shades in attitude, but it stands on the emotivist side as against the older tradition. To many observers it looks as if the battle had now settled down to a stalemate of trench warfare, with nothing happening but petty verbal forays.

Mr. Rice's book is a bid to break this stalemate. He thinks that an impartial judge would see that both sides are right, that when we call something good we are both characterizing it *and* expressing our feeling toward it. We do mean to say something true about it; Mill was right, for example, that we sometimes mean that it is pleasant, and Perry was right that we sometimes mean it is interesting. Such qualities Mr. Rice calls identifying properties; they are the properties in virtue of which we identify anything as good. But for the "matrix meaning" of goodness he comes down on the side of the insurgents. Whatever we call good exerts a pull on us. Men are not intellects only; "the Platonic Eros is of their essence"; they are bundles of needs seeking satisfaction, born pursuers of goals, though their libido remains groping and plastic. When we say "x is good" we are expressing the pull that x exerts on inborn yearnings. That is its "matrix meaning." So our total meaning is complex. We are expressing an urge toward x in virtue of its having an identifying property that answers to an inborn drive.

From this view duty is not a divine command, nor is it imposed, as Moore thought, by a good that lay outside the natural order; it is an imperative that says, "If you want what your nature has marked out as your end, do this." Mr. Rice thus agrees with Dewey and the naturalists, while rooting duty deeper in human nature. He agrees with Russell and the emotivists, while insisting that moral judgments are true or false and that they can be defended on rational grounds. He agrees with Moore and the intuitionists that the good means more than pleasure or knowledge or beauty, but he would find the good more in the gravitational pull of these things on a questing human nature.

This is Mr. Rice's new view. He is wrestling with fundamentals, and in such an attempt much depends on the competence with which one meets the technical objections of rival views. Mr. Rice does this admirably; indeed he works into his own position by reviewing the chief systems now in the field and skilfully winnowing wheat from chaff. The writing is a little academic. Still it is firm and humane, as one would expect from an editor of *The Kenyon Review*. And though its thesis is eclectic rather than profoundly original the book is one of the best things in ethics that we have seen for many a year.



"Can I keep him? He followed me all the way home!"

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Great Expectations

Editor's Note: *On November 21, before the General Assembly of the United Nations, General Carlos P. Romulo, speaking for the Philippine Delegation, stated the case for Charter Review of the U.N. The debate concluded with a vote of forty-three to six in favor of the proposal to call a General Conference for reviewing the Charter "at an appropriate time." The editors are pleased to be able to publish a guest editorial by General Romulo from his Charter Review message to the U.N.*

THE United Nations derives its ultimate power from the will of the world's peoples. It was born in the hopes of those peoples. And if there is anything more powerful in the world today than nuclear weapons it is the opinion of the human community.

What is it, therefore, that the world's peoples expect of the United Nations? What do they want it to become?

Only as we give honest answers to these questions can we debate the question of Charter Review with meaning and purpose. The world's peoples expect us to preserve the peace, for the preservation of the peace may be synonymous today with the preservation of life itself.

If we take soundings—which is to say, if we find out what our constituents in the human family are really thinking—we will learn that the biggest and not the smallest things are expected of us. As public men and representatives of our governments we are perhaps overenamored at times with the small, single steps at one time; but the large strides are what the world's peoples want and deserve.

As I say, the people look to the United Nations for control of armaments. They know that control must rest on much more than polite agreements or solemn declarations. All our yesterdays are littered with Locarnos. The people cannot be blamed for expecting us to abandon the habit of error.

The people look to us to define the basis of enforceable disarmament under law. And, in an even more fundamental sense, they look to us to deal with the situations that lead to war.

In short, the world's peoples expect the United Nations to eliminate the present prime condition of world anarchy. They expect the U.N. to have force of its own adequate to deter aggression, instead of improvising after the damage occurs, as in Korea. They expect that any force vested in the U.N. will be fairly and responsibly constituted, and that no single nation be asked to put up the overwhelming bulk of the men and the material.

The people have a wisdom about these things and they know that no armaments plan can be effective and enforceable unless there is a direct connection between the United Nations and the individual violator. If we fail to support this principle and give it standing and authority, then Nuremberg loses its status in world justice and becomes instead the long limb of lynch law.

Perhaps the great expectations that exist among our clients make us uneasy because we are so well versed in the difficulties and the complexities. Indeed, we may know them too well. We of the U.N. have been living so intimately with our day-to-day problems that the historical vistas tend to become somewhat blurred. We are apt to be impatient with those who seem unappreciative of the tangles and confusions that surround us and confound us. And so we counsel patience and more patience, hoping the world will be convinced we are doing our best.

But the great danger here is that we inside the U.N. may lose our perspective and a true sense of the historical panorama. The difficulties in which we are enmeshed and our preoccupations with the day-by-day complexities may cause us to put our working problems ahead of the historic problems. It may well be that the historic view of the people is the only correct one. It is because of this, and because I feel that it is time for us of the United Nations to bring our own perspective in line with that of the human community we represent, that I advocate a hard look at where we have been and where we are going.

We can attempt to ascertain whether a United Nations Organization which was born in the pre-atomic age has the structure and the substance required to control the war-making powers of nations.

We can ask ourselves whether it is proper and fair to the hopes of the world's peoples that the United Nations has so far largely been a collection of separate foreign policies, rather than an organization with policymaking powers of its own.

We can ask whether the peace in the world is to depend on improvised good manners or on the workable machinery of law that transcends human whims and changeability.

The fact that we may not desire to ask these questions will not keep the world's peoples from asking them. We do not save the United Nations by avoiding these questions. The questions are real. They become more severe, not less, by deferring them.

I do not hold with the argument that a properly constituted review conference would result in a break-up of the United Nations. If the United Nations is so weak that it cannot stand honest self-examination, then it is living on borrowed time indeed. It is precisely because I believe the world's peoples own the United Nations that their voice becomes mandatory. We are representatives and delegates, true; but in an even greater sense we are the custodians of the greatest idea yet to be conceived by the mind of man—that the violence among nations in the world may yet yield to the courage and imagination of men in constructing a rule of law, and that our modest-sized planet may in time and in fact become the Good Earth.

—Carlos P. Romulo.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A FEEBLE WEAPON

I WAS DISAPPOINTED and saddened by Edith Hamilton's article ["Words, Words, Words," *SR* Nov. 19], in which she attacks the poetry of Dylan Thomas for its obscurity. Her mock seriousness turns, unfortunately, into condescension, with the unintended though deserved effect of forcing the reader into resentful resistance.

Dylan Thomas is indeed controversial. The value of his work is uncertain and not all of it was successful. But it is certain that his poetry is not worthless "words, words, words." Elsewhere in the same issue Louis Untermeyer, in his review of "Dylan Thomas in America," speaks of Thomas as "the searching poet of 'Fern Hill,' the vivid dramatist of 'Under Milk Wood,' and the inspired chronicler of 'A Child's Christmas in Wales'."

I had begun to hope that critical attacks on the basis of "obscurity" had disappeared from your usually excellent pages after having seen, in the past, so feeble a weapon employed against such impregnable opponents as Eliot and Joyce.

RICHARD E. MADTES.

New Paltz, N.Y.

NOT THE ONLY ONE

HOORAY FOR EDITH HAMILTON! I had begun to think that I was the only one in this age that thought that Lord Alfred Douglas stated the aim of poetry perfectly when he wrote: "Trace/Under the common thing the hidden grade/And conjure wonder out of emptiness/Till mean things put on beauty like a dress/And all the world was an enchanted place."

If this be treason, etc.

CHARLES C. RAND.

Chicago, Ill.

WORDS LEFT BEHIND

IN REGARD to Dylan Thomas and "Words, Words, Words," by Edith Hamilton, not only has Jean Ingelow been clearly left behind, but so has Miss Hamilton.

J. N. WOOD.

Flint, Mich.

POETICAL CONFUSION

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS," by Edith Hamilton, was the most amusing and revealing thing I've read in a long time. It demonstrates again that there is very little that's new in the world, and punctures, for me at least, the scatologically iridescent bubble that enclosed Dylan Thomas's poetry.

Inescapably, man has changed only slightly since arising from the prehistoric ooze. His mind, even now, is far from the shining instrument we should like it to be, and his creations, as exemplified by the works of Dylan Thomas and others of like bent, while fascinating for their mystery, beauty, and elusiveness, are perhaps merely objectifying subconscious confusion.

W. I. PRICE.

Genoa, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So much for tigers. Now, suppose we try domesticating reindeer."

A RELIEVED READER

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS" relieved me. I was inebriated to climactic in discernagating that I wasn't wooky in concludination that Dylan Thomas poesies were clamorridden gollysnookum. At least it was esthetic relief to agree with the synthesis analytic of Miss Hamilton's view-allergic. I rest content, freed of mental lice like those D.T.'s that spring from lingual toxicated plumage.

ROBERT W. SHIELDS.

Martin, S.D.

A POET'S CLAIM

EDITH HAMILTON is a remarkably accurate marksman when it comes to shooting fish in a barrel, but her aim goes wildly astray once the target moves or shows signs of firing back. Few can argue that the examples she quotes from Dylan Thomas (out of context, to be sure) are grotesquely obsure. They are superbly destructible straw-men, and she sets them up and knocks them down again with an admirable ferociousness. Actually, I could supply her with some others, even more hideous; I could also supply her with some equally weird examples of tortured obscurantism from the pages of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley. All these would, of course, only prove what most readers already know—that some of the greatest poets in the language have written some remarkably bad lines. This in no way vitiates their total achievement.

To be sure, Mr. Thomas at his worst is pretty bad, but aren't we all: poets, carpenters, bootblacks, and critics? Thomas at his best is magnificent. How many of the rest of us can make that claim?

JAMES L. ROSENBERG.

Manhattan, Kans.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CENSORS

I HAVE AT VARIOUS TIMES listened to lecturing ex-Congressmen state convincingly that our Congress was composed on the whole of men who were sincerely and honestly working hard to do the best they could for their country. This is probably true, but it seems incredible that such a number of Congressmen banned the excellent book "Profile of America" by Emily Davie ["'Profile' and the Congressional Censors," *SR* Nov. 5], which contains so much information that would go a long way to satisfy the curiosity of peoples throughout the world on our American way of life. There should be informed, openminded appraisal if Congressmen must pass on these books. We need draw no curtain here. Can we not profit from criticism, not fear it? This book apparently met such a need abroad that it drew no criticism—only here in our midst. We have more to fear from small minds than from such a book.

GLADYS TOZIER.

North Bergen, N.J.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Design for Writing

"Janus" is an in-and-out first effort by Carolyn Green. This comedy, which derives its title from the two-faced Roman god of all beginnings, is most effective at those moments when it seems about to become a passionate and witty defense of the modern individual's need for double-decker romance in an age schizophrenically organized in every other respect.

The story involves a "happily married" schoolteacher from Andover Academy and the "happily married" wife of a Seattle shipping magnate. The teacher and the wife spend the summers together away from their mates and children pretending to take refresher courses at Columbia. But really they're turning out lusty-busty Book-of-the-Month Club best-sellers that combine sex and historical research. As *The Saturday Review* supposedly describes this anonymous two-headed collaboration, "One head sees the bare bones of history, the other its more seductive flesh."

The ideal arrangement is suddenly disturbed by the unexpected appearance of the husband, and by a punctilious income-tax investigator who refuses to believe that the high-bracket husband hasn't been aware of his wife's separately-filed income from royalties. Thus, it is the innocent husband who is threatened with jail because of his wife's infidelity. These situations are first rate and mirror the *non sequitur* nature of our fast-moving era. The heart, the mind, the glands, and the stomach must all be served and today's rushing existence does not always have time for unity.

However, Miss Green—a neophyte—has not explored the situation with thoroughness. Her dialogue too often rests its case on such not-quite-funny-enough remarks as "adult education leans heavily on adultery." And she resolves the characters' dilemma with an improbable action occurring offstage on Staten Island. On the other hand, the playwright *has* had the integrity to keep her head above soap-suds, and an experienced cast has given her sputtering script real support.

Margaret Sullavan's breathless intoxication with romance makes us believe in the married woman's need for a non-voluptuous affair in which she is "faithfully unfaithful" to her VIP husband. Her predilection for sexing up history Miss Sullavan makes less convincing. This latter aspect seems alien to her stage personality, and luckily the playwright doesn't stress it. Claude Dauphin as the sheepish and scholarly lover shows us what a good French comedian can do with this kind of part. His intelligence and pathos are genuine without weighing down the light comic action that draws our laughter. Robert Preston, who has established himself as our number-one specialist in vexed husbands, is most eloquently funny when he runs out of irascibility and listens baffled and helpless to the most exasperating bits of news. Robert Emhardt, who delighted us as the unwelcome visitor in "The Seven Year Itch," repeats his technique as the income-tax snooper. And Mary Finney, stuck with an unfortunate role as the unwomanly literary agent, plays it with merciful dryness.

Donald Oenslager has designed a Washington Square apartment that perfectly fits the author's description of "triumphantly unfunctional" (except for a dumbwaiter which functions triumphantly as an emergency entrance and exit). And Reginald Denham has directed the whole business conventionally. The result of all this professionalism is to clothe the bare bones of a potentially good play with flesh that is attractive but lacks muscle.

* * *

Another new playwright making his debut is Arthur Steuer, whose **"The Terrible Swift Sword"** was the first in a series of sceneryless experimental productions sponsored by Roger Stevens and Lyn Austin at the Phoenix Theatre. Mr. Steuer's play concerns life in a military school. While he hasn't contributed much fresh viewpoint on the subject, he has exhibited a sure hand for theatrical suspense in his mystery of the stolen loaded revolver. The high point of the play comes when a student who has been almost killed by a sadistic Regular Army sergeant in an effort to bully a confession out of him finally in self-defense delivers a hair-raising tale, which absurd as it is gains him the awe of all his military associates. Fred Sadoff, who has directed the play with great skill, and Conrad Janis, who plays the bullied student, combine to make this scene exciting and penetrating theatre. Unfortunately, the author negates the strength of

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this sequence with a sticky ending. "The Terrible Swift Sword" may not be heard of again, but its author, its actors, and particularly its director should be in immediate demand.

* * *

"The Last Love of Don Juan" is an interesting intellectual farce with a strong moral. In it Edwin Justus Mayer invents a town suffering a depression because it has acquired a moral princess. This cold lady has failed to set a proper example of extravagance, and the masses now buy only what they need—a sure way to ruin an economy. Don Juan is sent for in the hope that his successful assault on her virtue will unfreeze spending. Don Juan does succeed and is in a transport of ecstasy when suddenly he discovers that the cook is also enjoying the Princess's favors. This shatters Don Juan, who now feels that man as a spirit is a failure but as a brute a magnificent success. By a happy chance he meets Don Quixote, who sells him on a life of joy and sacrifice in the cause of making man a miserable failure as a brute and a magnificent success as a spirit.

The play has a fair share of real wit, such as when Don Juan explains that to understand a woman's thoughts you must learn to misunderstand her words. He adds, "Young men listen to the lyric, wiser men listen to the tune." It is also soundly constructed. As directed by Ray Boyle and played by actors unaccustomed to performing in style, the performance tends to fall off when they are *acting* style for its own sake. But despite its unevenness "The Last Love of Don Juan" makes a better evening than did the off-Broadway success "The Clandestine Marriage."

* * *

Dancer Valerie Bettis has taken over the role of Jenny in **"The Threepenny Opera"** while Lotte Lenya is away. Miss Bettis gives her own interpretation of the role, which turns out to be a fine mixture of brassy romanticism and dreamy practicality. Her Jenny sells out MacHeath for money both because she resents his leading her into prostitution and because she has passed the point where a human relationship has more importance than ready cash.

Carmen Capalbo's production of this masterpiece, which has more horseplay in it now than it did two years ago, is missing several of its original performers. While this makes it somewhat less enrapturing than before, enough of the essentials remain to keep "The Threepenny Opera" still the most rewarding musical in town.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Magnificent Magnani

IF there is ever a time my fraternity actively resents the press representatives of the moving-picture companies it is at that moment when we critics set out to praise a performance or a picture. Where are the words? So many superlatives have been used by the publicists and ad writers that mere adjectives fall short of the desired effect, while superlatives run the risk of redundancy. Comparisons? The movie people have sewed those up, too. Everything, it seems, is "greater than" whatever was great last week. And if, in a moment of utter recklessness, he delivers himself of the opinion that, say, Anna Magnani in **"The Rose Tattoo"** (Paramount) gives the kind of performance one encounters once in a generation there is always the possibility that the same had been claimed for Falconetti in "The Passion of Joan of Arc," for Garbo in "Camille," and possibly even for Magnani herself in "The Miracle."

So be it. Magnani's acting in "The Rose Tattoo" *is* the sort of thing that one encounters once in a generation, and perfectly able to stand alongside the few really great performances the screen has given us. As Tennessee Williams's hot-blooded, first-generation Italo-American, a woman whose roots are still deep in Sicilian soil even though she lives in our South, she creates a portrait that crackles with electric fire, that pulses with an animal-like sensuality. Her Serafina Delle Rose is all woman, at times luminously gay, even coquettish, at times demented by grief, wild with jealousy, fiercely possessive of her daughter, coldly suspicious of her neighbors. It is a role that calls for the full gamut of emotions, and Magnani meets each emotional demand with a passion that seems to flow from the very core of her soul. Indeed, one does not think of her Serafina in terms of a performance. She is a woman whose every thought and feeling have been externalized in some miraculous way, like a portrait bust turning on the pedestal of Williams's screenplay.

—*Paramount.*

Magnani (with Lancaster)—"electric fire."

Nor is it too surprising that this Serafina fits Magnani so well. Williams originally wrote the role with Magnani in mind. What is surprising, however, is how little of the feeling that "The Rose Tattoo" was originally conceived in theatrical terms now remains. Photographed in Key West it makes superb use not only of the locale but of local types as well. And Hal Kanter's skilled adaptation obliterates all sense of a single set, all hints of a curtain falling to mark off Act I from Act II. He has built out the narrative to begin on the day that Serafina's adored husband, trucking a mysterious load of contraband under his bananas, is killed by the highway police. When Serafina learns the news she withdraws from the world, living with his memory and trying to force her teen-age daughter to do the same. But just when she discovers that her husband might have been unfaithful to her she meets another truck-driver—"the face of an imbecile on the body of my husband"—and finds herself unable to repress the physical attraction she feels for the man. The fight between flesh and spirit is brief enough, however, giving way to a bumbling courtship that is at once funny and pathetic, written and played with a warm awareness of human needs and human frailty.

To Burt Lancaster has fallen the role of Alvaro Mangiacavallo, the

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good-natured idiot who has a rose tattooed on his chest to win the affection of the grieving widow. He attacks the part with zest and intelligence, as he has done a number of times in the past, and manages to produce several quite effective scenes. But one is always aware that he is acting, that he is playing a part that fits him physically but is beyond his emotional depth. His strong-toothed grin, his cropped, slicked-back hair, his bent-kneed walk are, like his precarious Italian accent, mannerisms and devices carefully acquired for the occasion and barely more than skin deep. The very earnestness of his effort only serves to highlight Magnani's own complete submergence in her role. When the neighbors crowd in to tell her of her husband's death she seems to sense the news they bring. "Don't speak!" she cries, cowering to the floor. "Don't speak!" The immediacy of her emotion, the mingling of prescience and terror and grief—in a scene virtually without dialogue—is something that transcends acting. It is *being*—being Serafina Delle Rose so completely that the camera sees only Serafina, not Magnani as Serafina. It is a quality that only the greatest have, and none more than Magnani.

LEST this seem too completely the star-turn, an exhibition piece for a virtuoso artist, it must be added that Tennessee Williams has written a screenplay of real substance and mature insight and has peopled it with characters for whom he displays a strong affection. His side glances at the older Italians, at the well-meaning, ineffectual priest who is genuinely shocked at Serafina's passionate outbursts, or at the schoolteacher so benevolent and ill-at-ease among the quarreling, gesticulating Italian mothers—this is quality that one encounters all too rarely at the movies. Nor does one often meet such strident, brazen hussies as Virginia Grey, Jo Van Fleet, and Florence Sundstrom, three Southern belles whose frowzy portraits Williams has drawn in pure venom. Only in the subsidiary plot, the love story involving Serafina's daughter and a young sailor, are we back on familiar ground. But Williams makes even this almost acceptable through a beautifully imagined scene in which the mother makes the boy kneel before her and swear a terrible oath that his intentions are strictly honorable. And director Daniel Mann has handled Marisa Pavan and Ben Cooper well in these ungrateful roles. Certainly "The Rose Tattoo" is Anna Magnani's picture. We can be grateful that, thanks to Tennessee Williams and Daniel Mann, it is in every way worthy of her. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

MAN OF THE YEAR

1934

The year the peppery little gang-buster took over as Mayor of the City of New York . . . "The Little Flower," they called *him*—some affectionately, some derisively. But he kayoed corrupt City Hall.

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TV AND RADIO

The Battle of Pink Puddin'

ONE OF the shocks of parenthood in the TV-radio age comes with the realization that there is nothing—absolutely nothing—that you can do about your child's speech. How fondly does the hope swell that he shall cut his teeth on elegant and lucid English. No pallid "d's" at the end of words; no dropped "g's"; vowels as pure as *Ivory*: this is the prayer. To that end mother and father —from their child's early infanthood —"speak the speech . . . trippingly on the tongue. . . ." Jaws are exercised; consonants cut; diphthongs aerated. To what avail? At the first "bub" of Howdy Doody, the first "lithsp" of Pinky Lee, the larynx's fate is set. Henceforth it is a slow, painful, rear-guard and guerilla action against the inevitable. Offspring, and then parents, succumb to the snarling, triumphant polyglot of TV-for-children speech. It's "betcha" and "gonna" and "lemme" and "Hiya kids—I got nooz for yuh"; from Channel 2 to 13 far into bedtime and troubled dreams of Lassie screaming down the well of a lost mine.

What can be done about it? American speech has always been a mixed affair. Early settlers brought over diverse rhythms and intonations. The frontier and the Westward trek made short shrift of conversational niceties. True, the language was enriched by the rugged color of the prairie, the plains, the hills, but American diction was a bumpkin cousin to "proper" English, even proper Ivy League English. In our public-school system, nevertheless, the ideal persisted. I remember being taught by patient, dedicated teachers to speak "well." Elocution, dramatics, debating. Acquaintance with Shakespeare; the oratory of Cicero; Tennyson, Shelley, Lindsay, Sandburg, Frost. These influences are common to academic memories of all modern adults who hurried youthfully through America's educational factories.

The theatre, for a while, nourished the flame of "standard English." But then came "naturalism," the movies, radio, Marlon Brando's split guttural infinitives—and now, at last, "Pink Puddin'." Here is the latest and hardest blow of all: "Pink Puddin'," Roy Rogers's new product for Jello. He twirls a lariat into the air—and the animated letters form on the screen. Then Roy proceeds to puddin' it into the kids. Of all people—Roy and Dale Evans—that pair who moralize so earnestly every week about goin' straight, bein' honest, and learnin' right from wrong! Do they know the strength of the rope they hold about the throat of America's future drawing-room jockeys?

A notice in the trade press a few months ago announced that Miss Frances (bell-mother of NBC's Ding-Dong School) had been appointed cultural up-grader of the network's children's programs. I have nothing but warm admiration for this lady-Quixote's courage, but I confess that —up to this writing—I have caught sight of no whipped windmills on NBC's moppet schedule. It may be that I haven't been at the right program at the right time although, having two companion viewers age six and four in the house, I daresay I know my way pretty well around the kindergarten screen.

THERE was one "Howdy Doody" program not so long ago that thrilled me to my Colgate's. The daily plot involved a Doodyville submarine down at the bottom of the briny. King Neptune was tyrannizing over it (a live actor, not a puppet), and from under the beard of his blustering nonsense flowed a rich bass-baritone with the power, clarity, and diction of an English Lear. It was rather disturbing to hear such talent mongrelized, but perhaps it was the player's first job in a long, long time; and the sum of it, I hoped, was profit for him. I thought it was delectable. I hadn't heard such speech on our TV set short of English films on "Million Dollar Movie"—and with excitement I proceeded to point out to the small ones beside me that this was the way the mother tongue was spoken. For an hour afterwards they pleased me by cutting "t's." Then the edges vanished in the dull abyss of "Loony Toons." If the casting of Howdy Doody's Neptune was one of Miss Frances's lances broken for culture may she break many more.

And now that we have come to English films on television: I, for one, am strongly in favor of the celluloid-electronic invasion from J. Arthur Rank and his colleagues in the British Isles. It is odd, but a fact, that for a people who make such moment of the morals of royalty the British put a holiday of sin on the screen. Not the devil-in-the-flesh kind, like the French, or the violent variety we relish here in the States; but rather an expert wink-the-knowing-eye at convention. Alec Guinness was a hero when he robbed the Bank of England in "Lavender Hill Mob." He was another when he tootled between two wives in "The Captain's Paradise." And Rex Harrison! I think the count was seven spouses when a bewigged court cleared him of the charge of bigamy in the new film "The Constant Husband."

"The Captain's Paradise" and "The Constant Husband" were recently shown to large television audiences—the latter as an NBC spectacular, in color. My six-year-old watched fragments with me. I would have blushed to admit this a year ago. But Roy Rogers has me at the end of my lasso. I am determined to press the family crusade. I want our youngsters to grow up speaking at least a rudimentary form of *English*. And if this means exposing the children to the dubious double-standards of the Tight Little Island—so be it. I can risk my children's morals. I can't risk their diction. Over the first I have some control; in the matter of the second TV has rendered me helpless. English movies on American TV is Lend-Lease in reverse. I welcome them as stout allies in the grim Battle of Pink Puddin'.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The Cosmos

By Melville Cane

THE thunders crashed;
They smashed the heavens open.
The pent-up waters fell,
The deluge swelled.
Startled cattle mounted higher ground.
Field-mice scuttled down their secret holes
To refuge with the moles.
The sleepy brook roared havoc,
Leaped its banks in panic,
Drowned the garden.

* * *

The battle's over now, the clouds are furled,
The sun breaks through to drain a stricken world
And heal its wounds.
The brightening sky spins loud with happy sounds
Of bee-and-bird-song. Now, once more,
Beside the cottage door
The cosmos lavishly bestows
Its lavender and rose.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Welcome "Cosi," Oistrakh II

EVERY so often, when one is inclined to have doubts on the subject, the Metropolitan Opera brings back "Don Carlo" or "Cosi" or "Rigoletto" and the durable standards of stagecraft and musical execution which have characterized Rudolf Bing's work at its best become apparent again. Of late it has been "Cosi" ("Rigoletto" in the Berman production is also back this season, but its first presentation was marred by the substitution of Eugene Conley for Jan Peerce), with almost the same cast that has been singing it, off and on, since 1951. The visual frame is still Rolf Gerard's handsome one, the production still credited to Alfred Lunt, though somewhat encrusted with "improvements" provided by other hands.

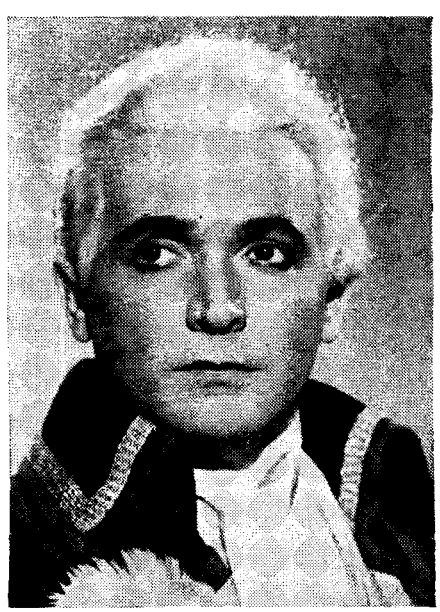
Oddly enough, as the visual elements become a little dull and shopworn from usage and warehousing, the musical projection becomes tighter-knit, more certain and flavorsome. The basic performers—Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Frank Guarrera, John Brownlee, and Patrice Munsel—have now appeared together something like fifteen times in four different seasons, almost always under the direction of Fritz Stiedry, and they have had ample time for first, second, and third thoughts on their roles. As a result, they have attained an expertness in working together which is a delight to experience. They can also absorb such a new element as Cesare Valetti's Ferrando without disturbing their values, and deriving something fresh from his.

On this occasion Stiedry was more compelling and forward-moving in his direction than most times before, while spinning the melodic web as he well knows how to do. The orchestra seemed to relish the opportunity for Mozart's sonorities after the heavy-going of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" earlier in the day, all the performers were vocally able, and the flow of sound was close to unabated bliss. Steber has rarely managed "Come scoglio" and "Per pieta" (in their English equivalents of this Martin translation) so well, Miss Thebom was her associate in assurance, and Miss Munsel returns with an added breadth to her still-developing voice (she is, after all, only thirty), a grateful precision in florid singing, and a sparkling clarity in enunciation of the English text. This is, of course, Valetti's principal problem, which he surmounted rather well for a first time. He is otherwise polished in his management of Mozartian matter, with hardly the vocal abundance of a Tucker, but compensating with more flexibility. Brownlee's Don Alfonso was typically suave, also profiting from his presently favorable vocal condition, and Guarrera is now a pretty fine Guglielmo.

As to the "improvements." It is as well that Alfred Lunt is busy with his new Russell Crouse-Howard Lindsay play, for he might be in a dueling mood were he to visit the Met for its current "Cosi." All goes well and properly for a while, but there soon begin to creep in little asides, broadenings of his highly calculated dramatic design, and what can only be called gosh-awful "improvisations" by one or another member of the cast. If Rudolf Bing still remembers where his whip is he should crack it over some of the miscalculated funny business, which not merely blemishes Lunt's valued reputation but puts in belly-laughs where Mozart was aiming for a higher region of the anatomy. Worst of all, the ill-timed guffaws drown out measures of Mozart's lovable score which cannot be spared. To be blunt: let's have Lunt.

The week otherwise included a forceful "Masked Ball" well directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos, and ably sung by Jan Peerce, Zinka Milanov, Robert Merrill, Roberta Peters, and Giorgio Tozzi in the small but sonorous role of Sam, with Marian Anderson again as Ulrica. She has more ease in gesture and posture than last season—suggesting, alas, what might have been had she been given such opportunities in her prime—and a powerful dramatic impulse though she must maneuver her way around some vocal difficulties.

DAVID OISTRAKH'S second violin recital in Carnegie Hall was mostly a facsimile of his notable debut earlier in the week: an audience which crowded the auditorium and stage seats, a welling enthusiasm for his commanding artistry. If there was a distinction, it would concern the greater freedom in the more relaxed atmosphere of the second performance. Of primary musical interest was his playing of the Brahms D minor sonata, a performance on large lines, with a broad sweep of sound and an emphasis on the work's dramatic content. Some of the effects tended to be too broadly drawn, or perhaps it should better be said that he tended, somewhat, to outplay his able but hardly invincible associate at the piano, Vladimir Yampolsky. In some considerable listening to this work publicly, however, I can recall only an evening with Albert Spalding and Ossip Gabrilowitsch in which the pianist was on a par with his fellow performer. —IRVING KOLODIN.



—*Serge LeBlanq.*

Valetti—"polished Mozartian manner."

Star Shower

By Marion Lineaweaver

THE harbor is full of stars,
Floating, some of them,
Some of them striking down
Wreathed in seaweed.
They plummet through myriad
shining minnows
And bury their points in the
sand,
Murking the water with clouds
of light.

If another one falls
The harbor will overflow,
And flood the low salt marshes.
The dunes will river with gold,
And the nesting gull,
Crouched in her hollow,
Bewitched, will smother in gold-
dust.

The wave of Midas will paralyze
Even the wind. We shall freeze,
As we stand on the cliff
Avoiding each other's eyes
While the molten sea
Laps at our landlocked feet,
And we wait, wondering
whether the stars
Or the sun will rise.

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PHOTO: YOUSUF KARSH

HEIFETZ

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After a particularly brilliant and spellbinding concert in London, the late George Bernard Shaw issued this warning to Jascha Heifetz: "Nothing may be perfect in this world, or the gods become jealous and destroy it. So would you mind playing one wrong note every night before you go to bed?"

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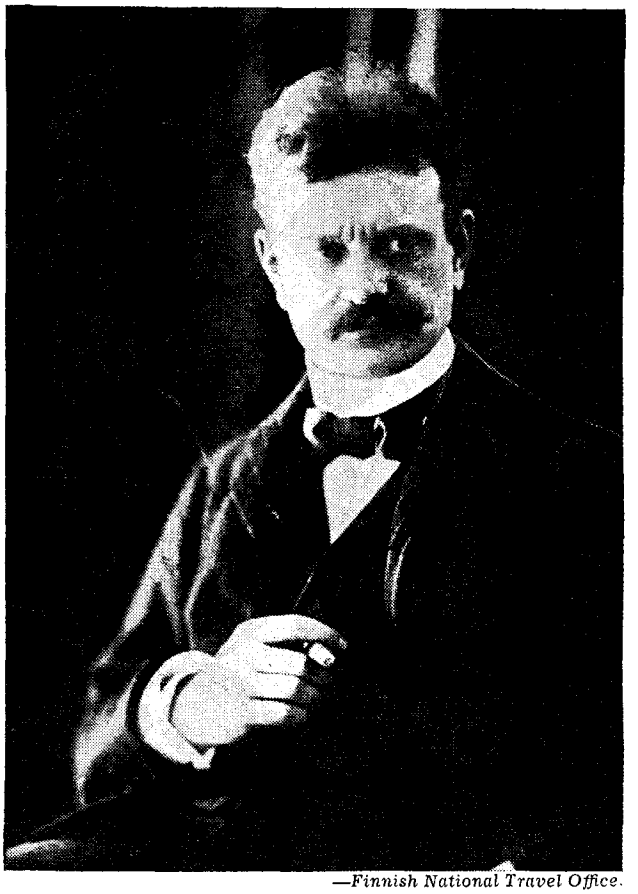
SIBELIUS

Today and Tomorrow

This tribute to Sibelius is a portion of a brochure by the late Olin Downes, written on the commission of its copyright owners, the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York. It is the last literary effort of the longtime critic of The New York Times, *whose lifelong association with Sibelius ended with Downes's death on August 22, 1955. The brochure will be distributed in the spring of 1956 exclusively to the radio membership of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society. A contribution of $2 will admit any person to membership, and also entitle him to the complete Sibelius brochure by Olin Downes. Address: The Philharmonic-Symphony Society, 113 West 57th St., New York 19, New York.*



The great Finnish composer around 1900.

—*Finnish National Travel Office.*

By OLIN DOWNES

JEAN SIBELIUS, a solitary towering figure in modern symphonic music, celebrated his ninetieth birthday on December 8, 1955. There is no composer like him, and none whose music is so free of imitativeness or derivation. He occupies a wholly exceptional position in the music of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. His early symphonies, the First and Second, his youthful tone-poem "En Saga"—the symphonic scores by which he first became famous in America—have passed the half-century mark and are still among the best liked and most admired features of the modern repertory. These works, however, are products of the formative stage of Sibelius's creative development, which has been going forward steadily under our noses in past decades. The last four of his symphonies are still ahead of their time, and yet to be fully comprehended by the great public. This is because of the profundity of their thought, their unostentatious depth of consciousness, and their originality in the treatment of the form which has caused some eminent authorities to rank Sibelius the symphonist next in this field to Brahms and Beethoven. Tall words! Yet not without foundation, since it seems clear that in Sibelius, alone among living composers, the classic symphonic form has not only a past but a future.

Nor is this all. A further significant fact which points out Sibelius as an immense living force in the music of today is that, although he has been silent for a round quarter of a century, the public awaits with unabated curiosity the music that will come from his pen, or that he will permit to be heard. His last important production was the tone-poem "Tapiola"—vintage, if you please, 1926—a score commissioned by Walter Damrosch for a world premiere with the New York Symphony Orchestra under his baton on December 26 of that year. How can it be possible for a composer, silent so long, and about to become a nonegenarian, to occupy such a commanding position in contemporary music? Ask any orchestra conductor what composition, by whom, he would prefer to have the privilege of first presenting to the public. His answer almost certainly would be Sibelius's Eighth Symphony, for which the world has waited the last thirty years! There is every reason to believe, not only from rumor and report, but from fragmentary references to the work made to friends and to the writer, among others, that it was completed years ago; and there are believed to be a number of other scores which may not be heard till after Sibelius's death, if his enigmatical secrecy about them is an indication of their destiny.

The reasons for this silence are unknown. They could be due in part to Sibelius's intense dislike of publicity, which has always been the characteristic of an artist who could be called the most unworldly composer of our era. But they are certainly not reasons of creative sterility, or of the defeatist attitude, for example, which affected the great Rossini, who produced nothing of importance through the last thirty-odd years of his life. At that time, a century ago, the world of what was then modern music, spearheaded by Wagner and by Verdi in Rossini's own operatic domain, was passing him by, and he knew it. This is the reverse of Sibelius's position. His last published works are as modern as tomorrow, if not modern in point of theories, dogmas, and technical systems that represent sophisticated devices or pretenses of modernity. Sibelius has gone his own way, secure and self-possessed; he has attempted to emulate no one, has adopted no fabricated and self-conscious theory of composition, or placated the public in any way. Yet the world makes its pathway to his door. This vitality, this self-possession, this independence of choice and procedure represent the integrity of music which deals not with stylistic fads and fashions of the hour, but eternal verities.

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It may be said that, consonantly with these characteristics, no composer had fewer heralds or champions in his earlier years than Sibelius. It was in fact partly because of the absence of preliminary fanfare or documentation that his symphonies were so astonishing when first they fell upon American ears. This was shortly after the turn of the century. Nothing had prepared us for music of this spaciousness, virility, and sweep of orchestration, unprecedented in the colors and sonorities which would have been incongruous with any other composer's expression. But here, already, was the evidence that Sibelius was not only a new figure but a new force in modern music.

It was not to be expected, of course, that this new music, neither precious nor theatrical, superbly masculine, unsophisticated and inelegant, would be received with thrills of joy by the academicians or the choice spirits of the self-appointed *avant-garde*. It upset them then as it upsets most of them now. It seemed almost to ignore the niceties and piquancies deemed indispensable if a composer expected his scores to be taken seriously. Alas! This music seemed almost to be contemptuous of mannerisms and stylizations! If a storm had blown in the windows, hurled statues from their niches, and doused the eminently correct audience in Boston's Symphony Hall—where we were at the time—it would have been hardly less welcome. We recall the rejoinder of the highly revered composer of that city, Charles Martin Loeffler—and none was more witty and sophisticated than he—when asked his opinion. "Sibelius? Sibelius! My dear Downes, I must tell you the truth. I prefer my music without cod-liver oil!" If only friend Loeffler's music had but a drop of that same oil in it! How much less dated would it sound today!

NOR WAS it easy to place this new individuality. Was he a "classic" or "romantic"; "impressionist" or "expressionist"; was his music "linear" or "harmonic"? What were its derivations—Debussy or Strauss, Scriabin or Ravel? One could point to Grieg and Tschaikowsky—alas, pretty obvious fellows! And Sibelius had already—to his discredit in the more select musical circles—two short and obvious pieces preceding any of the big symphonic canvasses in the public acquaintance—the "Valse Triste" and the patriotic explosion "Finlandia," of which more anon. Here it will be well to review briefly the influences of Sibelius's youth, and the background of his creative development.

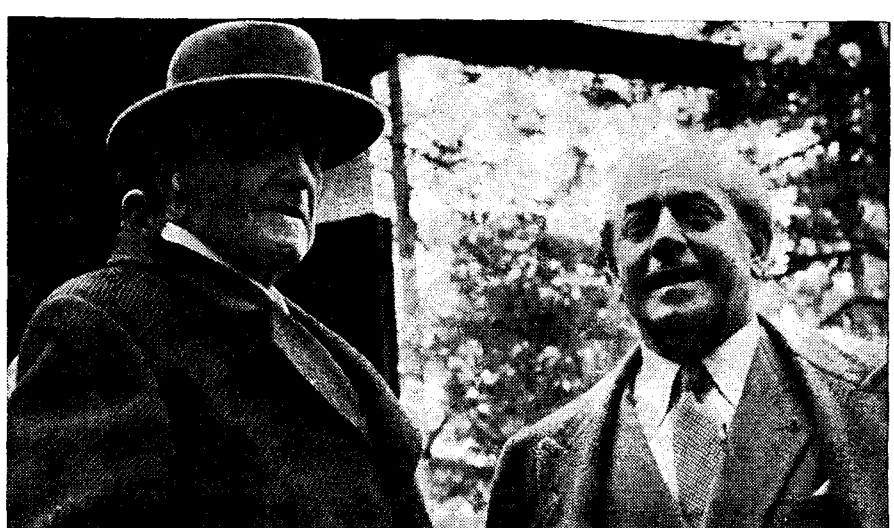
Sibelius's ancestry is Finnish for many generations with a strong admixture of Swedish blood by marriage. His father was an army surgeon and his mother the descendant of a family of soldiers, clergy, and government representatives, with a larger percentage of Swedish blood than his father's. His own name he took from the first name of an uncle, a sea-captain who died in Havana in the early 1860s and who left behind him calling cards inscribed Jean Sibelius. It is not exaggeration to say in trying to discover the principal formative influences of the composer's youth that they were from the beginning, as indeed throughout his life, those of nature. As a boy he haunted the woods, carried his violin with him, and gloried in the poems of Ossian. He had an excellent education at the Hameen Lyseo of Hameenlinna, a center of Finnish culture. Scandinavian as well as Finnish myth laid their hands upon him. He was well instructed in classic tongues and literature, read Homer and Horace in the original with enthusiasm, and has always admired the writers of antiquity for their depth of thought and simplicity of expression. It is also of remark, because it may well bear upon the power and logic of his musical thought, that the young Sibelius excelled in mathematics and was fascinated by astronomy.

As most real composer do, Sibelius composed first and learned how afterward. He received piano lessons at the age of nine, and instruction on the violin at fifteen. He entered Helsinki University as a law student, in deference to his parents' wishes, but meantime studied composition in the pages of an old textbook, the "Compositionslehre" of Marx, and he took special courses at the Conservatory of Music. In 1885, which was his second winter as a university student, he made with the consent of his parents the definite decision to follow a composer's career.

At the conservatory Martin Wegelius was Sibelius's teacher, an extremely thorough, conscientious, and sympathetic teacher; also a passionate Wagnerian. But Sibelius was not attracted to Wagner. He graduated from the conservatory with a Suite for Strings and a String Quartet, and these works were publicly performed and praised by Carl Flodin, foremost Finnish music critic of the day. Flodin highly approved these and other early works in which he believed that he saw genius, and he left behind him in his writings an account of the personality of the young Sibelius. It is a particularly authentic and sympathetic description of the person and spirit of the young man, and it gives a far different picture of his exuberant and imaginative nature from the gloomy pictures of Sibelius, with his frown, which are seen on his publications. He has often jested with this writer about the misleading effect of this forbidding visage, ordered by his publishers, and even today, in his late eighties, his mobile features and eyes, swift changes of expression, and the wit and paradox of his conversation belie these representations of him as the tragic-visaged Northman of destiny. Let us listen to Flodin.

"There was something strangely winning about his slender figure. It was as if his upright, straightforward nature always wanted to meet one with open arms. Yet you were still not quite sure whether there was not some secret hokum back of it all. His conversation overflowed with paradoxical statements and ideas without one being able to say how much was serious and how much merely played on the surface, like bubbles of combinations and passing baroque whim-

(*Continued on page* 34)



—*Adrian Siegel.*

Sibelius at ninety—with Eugene Ormandy during the visit of the Philadelphia Orchestra to Finland in June 1955.

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THE CRITICS CHOOSE THE YEAR'S BEST RECORDINGS

THE MUSIC and record critics of the country have responded with customary generosity (both in time and numbers) to *SR*'s annual invitation to disagree and, while hewing to customary differences and some harmony of opinion, have left one fact indisputable: There are so many good records being made these days that one person couldn't possibly hear them all, and individual tastes may result in Critic A choosing as his preference something that Critic B hasn't even heard. I would say that somewhere in the batch of seventy-odd responses almost every good record issued during the year is mentioned at least once, and the finest do float to the top by their own buoyancy. Thus, omission from the following summary does not indicate that *your* favorite has been completely neglected . . . even an Alfred Deller comes through by sheer power of artistry in a few listings.

The diffusion of favor is best shown in the orchestral category, where, in the past, agreement has sometimes reached 30-40 per cent of those responding. This time around, the record most often mentioned in that space is Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" as recorded by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on RCA Victor. And then it is but nine (or about 12 per cent), made up of Walter Whitworth of the *Indianapolis* (Ind.) *News*, Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle* magazine, Joseph Roddy of *Life*, Warner Twyford of the *Norfolk* (Va.) *Virginia-Pilot*, Rudolph Elie of the *Boston Herald*, Herbert O'Keefe of the *News and Observer*, Raleigh (N. C.), Charles H. Hoofnagle of the *Norfolk* (Va.) *Ledger-Dispatch*, Elmore Bacon of the *Cleveland News*, and Ed Brooks of the *New Orleans* (La.) *Times-Picayune*.

An orchestral enterprise from Columbia is actually mentioned fourteen times in different categories, and should be given rightful recognition of the impression it has made, regardless of whether the writer-listener designates it as best orchestral recording, favorite "soundtrack" or miscellaneous item, or most commendable enterprise. Those who share the esteem for Walter's rehearsal performance of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony are Mrs. Rena C. Holtkampf of the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, Hilmar Grondahl of the *Portland Oregonian*, Nell Lawson of the *Buffalo Evening News*, Richard Kleiner of NEA Service, William J. Reddell of the *San Antonio* (Tex.) *Express*, James G. Deane of the *Washington* (D. C.) *Star*, Marilyn Lee of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, Norman L. Johnson of the *Louisville* (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, Paul Affelder of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, Lily May Caldwell of the *Birmingham* (Ala.) *News*, Sidney J. Palmer of the *Arkansas Gazette*, John Voorhees of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, Norman S. Nadel of the *Columbus* (O.) *Citizen*, and L. W. Boals of the *Youngstown* (O.) *Vindicator*.

Considering the importance and quality of the opera recordings being made these days, it is hardly surprising that the partisans for various outstanding efforts are staunch in their support. Leader in a close run turns out to be—not too surprisingly—London's excellent "Don Giovanni" with Josef Krips directing. It is designated tops by Paul Little of the *Musical Leader*, Harold Rogers of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Edwin Miller of *Seventeen* magazine, Gid W. Waldrop of the *Musical Courier* and *The Review of Recorded Music*, Frederick W. Reynolds of *Hi-Fi Music at Home*, Jim Frankel of the *Cleveland Press*, J. Dorsey Callaghan of the *Detroit* (Mich.) *Free Press*, Allen Young of the *Denver* (Colo.) *Post*, and Messrs. Affelder, Johnson, Grondahl, Bacon, Elie, and Roddy previously identified, for a total of fourteen votes.

Shaded but slightly in this competition for favor is RCA Victor's Milanov - Bjoerling - Barbierie - Warren "Aida," conducted by Perlea. It has a round dozen supporters, including Arthur Bronson of *Variety*, Samuel L. Singer of the *Philadelphia Forum* magazine, Edward Ireland of the *Miami* (Fla.) *Daily News*, E. Clyde Whitlock of the *Fort Worth* (Tex.) *Star-Telegram*, J. Barrett Hopkins of *Records of the Month*, Oscar Smith of the *Akron Beacon-Journal*, and Miss Caldwell and Messrs. Boals, Reddell, Kleiner, Brooks and O'Keefe.

This being the first sampling of production for the Mozart year it is a happy sign that Angel's effort on behalf of the so-called "esoteric" "Cosi" has been warmly endorsed by almost as many critics as preferred "Aida." Eleven in all raise hands on behalf of Conductor Herbert van Karajan and his Schwarzkopf-Merriman-Simoneau-Bruscantini cast, led by Henry Humphreys of the *Cincinnati Times-Star* (who also casts a vote for Miss Merriman's "Spanish Songs" on Angel as the Best Vocal recording), Weldon Wallace of the *Baltimore* (Md.) *Sun*, Harry Glover of the *Philadelphia Daily News*, Fredson Bowers of the *Richmond* (Va.) *Times-Dispatch*, Thomas B. Sherman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Marjory W. Fisher of the *San Francisco News*, Irving Paley of the *New Orleans* (La.) *Item*, Ray La Rocque of the *Worcester* (Mass.) *Sunday Telegram*, Conrad B. Harrison of the *Deseret News—Salt Lake* (U.) *Telegram*, Paul N. Elbin of *Etude*, and learned Lerman of *Mademoiselle*.

SMALLER areas of agreement are shared by Mary Grice of the *Wichita Beacon*, Mrs. Holtkamp, and Messrs. Palmer and Voorhees, whose favorite operatic release of the year was Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Saint of Bleecker Street" on RCA Victor. Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald Tribune* and Miss Lawson (of Buffalo) feel kindly towards Gounod's "Mireille" on Angel. Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times* leads what is certain to be a recurrent enthusiasm for the just-issued "Ariadne auf Naxos" of Richard Strauss on Angel, with Schwarzkopf, Rita Streich, N. Gedda, etc., under the compelling direction of Karajan.

Looking for trends in other categories is like hunting for Brooklynites in a Times Square subway rush: too many possibilities, not enough distinguishing marks. However, there is clearly a strong feeling for Fred W. Friendly and Edward R. Murrow's "I Can Hear It Now" compiled from the spoken words of Winston Churchill. This great record is rated outstanding, either as soundtrack, "documentary etc. by Felix Borowski of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, Leonard Mendlowitz of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, plus colleagues Lee, Twyford, Reynolds, O'Keefe, Kleiner, Caldwell, Boals, Harrison, and Bowers.

Unquestionably the star personality of the year's disc production was Maria Callas, whose name is men-

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tioned close to a dozen times in the space reserved for "best vocal recording." Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago American* (he gives honorary mention to Nan Merriman's "Spanish Songs," also on Angel) leads the list of those favoring the "Lyric-Coloratura" collection joined by Ray Perkins of the *Denver* (Colo.) *Post* and Messrs. Glover. Klein, Reynolds, and Kleiner. A preference for the Puccini excerpts is expressed by Arthur Darack of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Walter Whitworth of the *Indianapolis News*, and J. Albert Fracht of the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*, likewise Borowski of Chicago.

Companies which have ventured into unusual areas for repertory have been rewarded with the approval of such critics as Maurice de Vinna of the *Tulsa* (Okla.) *World*, who draws attention to Janacek's "Tagebuch eines Verschollen" (Epic) as do Abner Levin of the *Long Player*, Clifford Gessler of the *Oakland* (Cal.) *Tribune*, and Walter F. Grueninger of *Consumers Research Bulletin*. Westminster may take a bow for its issue of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood," according to Messrs. Sherman, Waldrop, Grondahl, and Ireland; RCA-Victor's attention to Clementi via the recent recording of Vladmir Horowitz is commended by several respondents, including Messrs. Harrison and Caldwell; while Columbia's Josef Hofmann Golden Jubilee disc was all that the asectic Harold C. Schoenberg of *The New York Times* entered in his whole questionnaire. Messrs. Goldberg, Wallace. and Smith (Akron) recalled it, along with a few other favorites.

Deller is the feller who stood out among the year's vocal producers in the opinion of John Sweeney of the *Detroit Times*, also Messrs. Affelder, Nadel, and Bowers. Gerald Moore drew the favor of Messrs. Kupferberg, Paley, and Deane for his solo stint in Angel's "Unashamed Accompanist" and the votes of Messrs. Bacon, Callaghan, and Rogers for his partnership with Hans Hotter in "Die Winterreise," also an Angel issue.

Quite without question the most discerning group of critics I know of are composed of Delos Smith of the United Press, Virginia Carter of the *Chattanooga Times* and Messrs. Bronson, Borowski, Frankel, and Johnson who singled out RCA Victor's "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing" as worthy of a vote in the Most Commendable Enterprise, Best Vocal Collection or Favorite Operatic issue. It is not every editor who can record the votes cast for his own creation. As for the other sixty-five voters: they clearly haven't received their review copies yet.

—I. K.

Sibelius

Continued from page 31

sies generated in his nimble brain. His fair hair fell in disorderly strands on his forehead. His eyes had a veiled expression, but when his restless imagination began to work they became more penetrating and took on a bluish shimmer. His ears were remarkable—large, well-shaped 'sound receivers,' the ears of a musician such as Beethoven must have had. . . . His conversation soon stalled like a hare in a thicket. But right on its heels came the musical ideas like hunting dogs. They seized and tore their prey and at the end turned their rapacious fangs on themselves. Before one knew it Sibelius was juggling with colors and tones as though they were colored glass balls. He made the colors sound and the tones sparkle so that A major was blue and C major red, F major green and D major yellow, more or less; and everything in the world had its melodic label, every voice of nature its ready coined motif, every emotional impulse its primordial harmony, so that one could store the tones in little boxes and take them out again when they were needed. How could we ever imagine that a creative force was already dormant in this youth, that from these visions and fantasies that seemed to us so confused, so completely without any substantial foundation and connection, the framework of a new conception of the world was already in the making! I no longer remember how our meeting ended. But the portrait of Jean Sibelius had engraved itself on my consciousness from that moment on! I pricked up my ears whenever his name was mentioned, and when the friends of the academy were surprised by his first daring chamber-music works in which inspiration grappled wantonly with traditional forms and expressive resources—old leathern bottles that he wished to fill with his new wine—then his figure rose up before me as he appeared at our first meeting, plunging headlong into a sea of foaming ideas."

It is a portrait which says more than many detailed biographical data. It was in 1889, with a scholarship and government grant of 1,500 marks, that Sibelius left Finland to study in Berlin. There he underwent a course in counterpoint and fugue with Albert Becker. He made further studies in composition and instrumentation with Robert Fuchs, a follower of Brahms in Vienna, and later, in a consultative rather than formal manner, worked with Carl Goldmark, who showed the tyro the difference between writing for an orchestra and the scoring of chamber music which had been Sibelius's principal medium up to that time. It was at this time also that he wrote an octet for strings which later furnished one of the principal themes of "En Saga." Returning to Finland, Sibelius now immersed himself in the Finnish national epic, the *Kalevala*, and other works of Finnish poetry. He made his first musical setting of material from the *Kalevala* in the form of "Kullervo," a symphonic poem in five parts for solo, chorus, and orchestra. The work by a youth of twenty-six had an immediate and sweeping success when performed at Helsinki in 1892. This score is not published, but one of its features is very significant of Sibelius's position as a Finnish composer. Some of his themes have been so markedly of the character of Finnish folk music that many have declared that he used the folk themes themselves. This was never the case, in spite of dozens of melodic phrases of his scores which have unmistakably the Finnish folk character. The very interesting fact evolved, after the composition and performance of "Kullervo," that Sibelius visited the wild Karelian country in the north of Finland and there heard the *Kalevala* tunes sung by the peasants to ancient Finnish melodies, and recognized with astonishment and delight the resemblance of these melodies to motives which he had created for the score of "Kullervo."

YET Sibelius has often expressed impatience with the incessant comments upon the northern coloring of his music and its echoes of the natural world. The truth of this is that music comes from a source much deeper than the conscious thought of the creative artist and that it reflects, when genuine and inspired, the atmosphere of his environment and the spirit of his time. The time of Sibelius's youth in Finland was one of intense patriotism, resentment of Czarist Russian oppression, and the intensive cultivation of the national folklore and culture. It is noteworthy that, unlike a people outraged by misrule, who think only of violence and act with violence in displacing it, the Finns felt that their greatest power of self-determination was the intensive study and development of their culture. Therefore the passionate cherishing by them of the poems of the *Kalevala*, the Finnish national epic of which the tunes had been first collected from the lips of the people and published by Elias Lonnrot in 1835. Therefore the meetings of the famous circle of young artists, writers, and composers which Sibelius frequented, where the smoldering fires of revolt and na-

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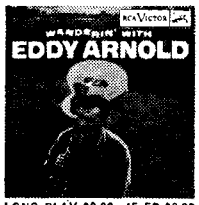

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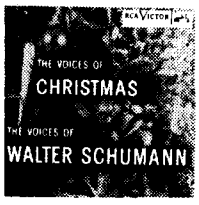

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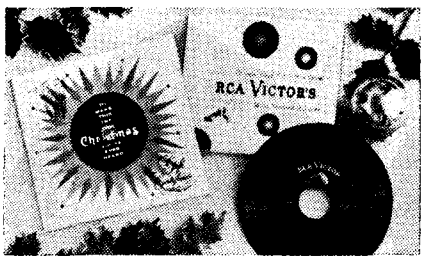

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tional romanticism found expression in poems, pictures, symphonies, and philosophic discussions that lasted far into the night. Therefore such occurrences as the performance after an orchestral concert had ended, when all had left the hall, of "Finlandia" (composed in 1899), which the audience would softly hum in unison with the orchestra behind the closed doors, the tears rolling down their cheeks. But the voice of freedom was not absent from anything that Sibelius composed in those years of crisis, however impersonal his artistic intention might be. He was writing music, regardless of title or form, that exemplified significantly the remark of Robert Schumann that rebellion could be present within the four walls of a symphony, and the public be none the wiser.

The great leap from his earlier to his later style does not represent a fundamental change in his outlook or expression. It is a metamorphosis, and the one stage is as closely related to the next as the cocoon is related to the butterfly that emerges from it. It is the same creature! The nature of the artist leads him intuitively along every step of a path that leads consistently to a predestined goal.

This goal was never obscured in the composer's consciousness, or in any stage of his artistic journey. Emerson says somewhere that when we are little children we take for granted the presence of the gods about us; that in later life the din and confusion may cause us to lose sight of them; but that with the clarification of the years our sight is restored, and we see again that the gods are there, and that they never left us. Sibelius never forgot them, or relinquished their guidance to the truth.

Do Critics Influence Record Sales?

By GEORGE R. MAREK, *Manager, Record Albums Department, RCA Victor.*

WHEN they praise our product we think they are beautiful creatures. When they censure us we think they belong to the legion of the damned. We hasten the first copies of the new albums to their offices; we scan the horizon for their verdict in print; the publicity boys attempt, by gentle blandishment, to capture their attention for this or that new release.

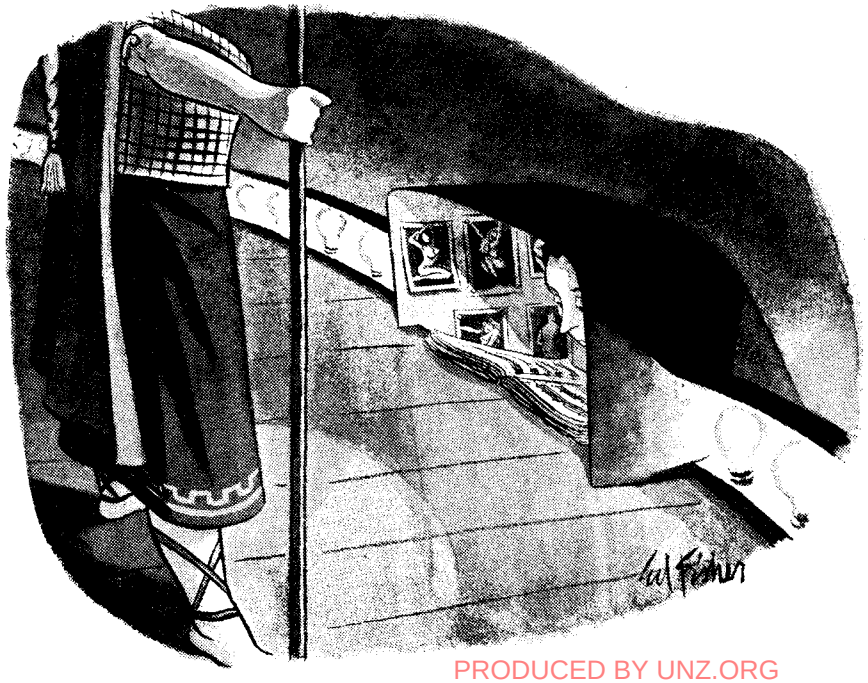
But what evidence is there that the critics, these seemingly powerful men and women, these beautiful and damned, influence the sale of records? To what extent does the public follow their recommendations or take notice of their warnings? No all-inclusive answer can be given. The only answer I can find is: it depends.

It depends on what the record contains. If the record itself has within it the seeds of success, if the record offers a piece of music which people know or believe they will enjoy, if that record is performed by an artist who enjoys popularity, and if the record is issued at a propitious time, then lukewarm reviews or even damning reviews cannot stop the public from hugging it to its bosom. Recently a famous conductor—it would be undiplomatic to mention his name—recorded Tchaikovsky's Fifth for us. The critics didn't exactly doff their hats to this interpretation. This magazine said, "He is characteristically capricious in small details, without developing sufficient momentum in the total conception to retain the interest." All the same, the recording was a success. The public wanted Tchaikovsky played by this conductor; they didn't much mind the critics' gainsaying. Most critics felt that Liebermann's "Jazz Concerto" was a cocktail which fell a bit flat. They called the concerto "contrived" and "shapeless." Nevertheless, the combination of Reiner, the Chicago Symphony, and Sauter-Finegan turned out to be one of the more popular issues of the year.

When the work and the artist are strong, the interpretation good, the sound high fidelity, and the critics do praise the recording, then their praise becomes nourishing and their commendation may catapult the success to a greater success. As an example, I might cite a new recording of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" with Munch and the Boston Symphony. The critics were thoroughly pleased: "sumptuous," "opulent," "masterly," "awe-inspiring" were some of the adjectives bestowed. Very well, in a very short time "Daphnis and Chloe" became a best seller. It would have been a good seller without reviews. The piece has within it the traits of present popularity: it is ballet music, it is music which sounds exciting on the high-fidelity phonograph, and it is romantic music. In this acerbic age romance is welcome. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page* 32.)

Of course, we take good care that the critics' words of praise reach the general ear. As the theatrical producer does, so do we excerpt from good reviews, though I believe that the record industry does not stoop to quoting "A fascinating experience" when the original sentence read, "It could have been a fascinating experience but turned out to be an unmitigated bore." Obviously there is value in such quotation. The effect, however, is more noticeable with the dealer than with the music lover. Dealers do follow reviews. They look to the critic for help. The flood of new releases now spilling into record shops must have been produced by the Sorcerer's Apprentice after he has been cleft in twain. The record dealer can wade through only a few of these releases; he must take somebody's authority for the others.

I believe that here we follow the experience of the book publisher. A



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poor review cannot hold back the sale of a novel which for one reason or another the public wants to read. Look at the best-seller chart! How could "Marjorie Morningstar" have quickly soared to number-one position in spite of generally unfavorable reviews? (*The Saturday Review* was an exception: its reviewer liked "Marjorie.") Our experience differs from that of the theatre. Theatre audiences are a relatively small group concentrated in New York. This group can be kept away by detrimental notices.

As to repertoire off the beaten path, the new, the untried, the esoteric, there the critic's voice is often unheeded. Alas and alack! Dan Danziger of the Disc Shop in Washington, an excellent dealer endowed with genuine musical curiosity, says, "Only if they go all out—and then by no means always." When we published "Boris Godounoff" with Boris Christoff, Paul Hume, the Washington critic, urged people to mortgage their houses and sell their jewels in order to acquire this recording. He said so in print and on the air; he went "all out." And this did influence sales in Washington, though nationally "Boris" did not become a best seller. Great as it is, the work has not won wide popularity in our country, not, at least, since Chaliapin's days. The recording of De Falla's "La Vida Breve" elicited some uncommon *olés*. In a special article in *The Saturday Review* it was suggested that Victor be awarded the ear of the bull for so worthy an undertaking. Total sales: only 4,293.* Of Elsie Houston's "Brazilian Songs" one critic wrote that we should "say a prayer for Elsie Houston whenever we hear this record." The prayer remained unanswered. Elsie Houston was unfamiliar to a new generation of record buyers. So was the music. Only 3,067** people responded.

Not always are the results quite so discouraging. More and more frequently are record-buyers willing to walk the byways of the repertoire and to hear music they have not heard before. I merely wish to make the point that fanfare is no guarantee against failure. Seductive publicity will not necessarily unlock closed pocketbooks. Contrary to the amateur's belief—"you can sell it if you'll promote it"—neither critical praise nor promotion nor publicity can turn a piece of entertainment into a success if the public does not feel that it is being entertained. Ultimately no record, no record company can "sell" anything: the public must want to buy. Many factors influence this desire. I have before used the word "fashion." It seems disrespectful to turn Euterpe into a Mrs. Harrison Williams, but so it is. At the moment many (perhaps *too* many) record buyers are enamored of sound for the sake of sound. They like to experience the powerful *fortissimo*. They wish to savor the rich orchestral palette. They want oil paintings, not pencil drawings. The result is beneficial to Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," to Debussy's "La Mer," to Stravinsky's "Sacre," to Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" as well as the "Damnation of Faust" and the Requiem—and not a bad result at that. But Haydn and Handel and Schumann are somewhat out of favor.

I am speaking here of broad appeal and general action. Of the forces which make music popular, Hollywood is still the broadest. Let a piece of music be played in a film, let it be hammered out by a gigantic piano, let it pour down from the screen, now grown oblong and thoroughly stereophonic, and you may start the presses rolling. Mario Lanza may be credited as having been an effective propagandist for opera. The movie "The Great Caruso" tore down, by singing, not by saying so, the intellectual fence built around opera. Television contains some of this same power, though television hasn't as yet presented enough good music to build a convincing case for itself. It will be interesting to see what happens to Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" after the Sadler's Wells company has danced it on living-room screens. A third influence, slower, less spectacular, but farther reaching, may be found in the school, and especially the high school. More music is being taught and a wider repertoire is sampled in the classroom. High-school bands, now estimated at 60,000, are no longer exclusively occupied with ta-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay stuff. As they turn to better music they lead young people's curiosity to Rossini and Prokofieff.

I hope you will not detect in anything I have said a pinch of cynicism toward public taste. Decidedly not! The public develops a remarkably fine ear for quality and it is a fact that few meretricious records of serious music succeed for long. Indeed, I marvel sometimes how unerringly the public finds quality, within, I repeat, the prevailing fashion of taste. Talleyrand in his famous speech put it well: "There is more wisdom in public opinion than is to be found in Napoleon, Voltaire, or all the ministers of state, present or to come." The French put it simpler in their proverb: "Everybody knows better than anybody."

The critics can and do help by pointinging to, by hailing, by scorning, and by rhapsodizing. Make no mistake about it: though we may not be able to trace their influence directly, we would rather get good reviews than bad reviews. Any day of the week!

* (EDITOR'S NOTE: *That's bad?*)

** (EDITOR'S NOTE: *That's also bad?*)

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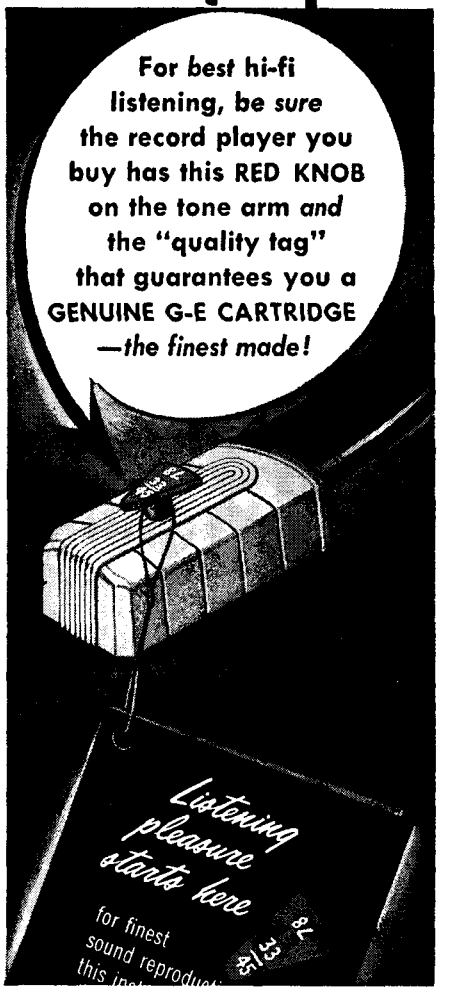
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From Archive to Disc

By H. C. ROBBINS LANDON

HANOVER, GERMANY.

A GREAT deal has been written about Germany's "fabulous recovery" since the end of the war. One can measure the extent of this recovery by various yardsticks: by comparing the dark ruins of 1945 with the thriving, busy cities of 1955; by the production of the *Volkswagen*, which come off the assembly line one a minute; by the crowds of German tourists in Italy, France, Austria, and Spain; or simply by traveling across Germany by train or on the crowded *Autobahn*. But one always judges such things most easily (and perhaps, in a way, most accurately) by observation within one's own field, and the whole economic and social position of Germany in 1955 therefore seemed to this correspondent to be summed up in the elegant, modern buildings here in Hanover which houses the executive branch of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, G.m.b.H. But far more impressive than these outer trappings is the 1956 Deutsche Grammophon catalogue of which eighty-nine pages are devoted to the so-called Archive Series. Since only the beginning of this undertaking has been released in America, and since the series itself is the largest of its kind ever executed, an introductory report might be welcome. (EDITOR'S NOTE: The numbers indicate those discs issued to date by DGG's American affiliate, Decca. Each lists at $5.71.) The series is divided into twelve main sections or "research periods," each of which is sub-divided:

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The scope of the Archive Series, then, is to illustrate music in Western civilization from Gregorian Chant to Beethoven, *i.e.*, up to the point where the commercial record begins its widest field of activity. Unquestionably, it is the most ambitious project of its kind, for even at its present stage it exceeds in scope the one earlier undertaking with which it might profitably be compared: *L'Anthologie Sonore*. The Archive catalogue is, moreover, superior to its worthy precursor (which was, for its time, epochmaking) in three basic respects: (1) it is more systematic and (2) it is, of course, better recorded; and (3) the standard of performance is clearly higher. it was a most curious and moving experience, sitting by a gramophone overlooking one of Hanover's main streets and, as dusk fell, being conducted back through the centuries to the grey dawn of Christian civilization; through the secular and sacred music of abbey and cathedral, court and chamber; from Gregorian Christmas Vespers, sung by Benedictine Monks of the Monastery at Beuron, to Lehmann's sensitive performance of Bach's Christmas Oratorio; from exotic-sounding thirteenth century dances to an exquisite Telemann Quartet for winds and continuo.

Deutsche Grammophon issues its records on LP (both twelve-inch and ten-inch), on extended-play 45 (often ideal for parts of such a series), and on 78s. Each record contains something which every librarian dreams of: a source card, listing the exact timings, the date and origin of the work (including the first edition and first performance, if known), etc.

Everything is sung in the original language. In fact, the whole series is international, as a general plan suggests. The catalogue includes, for example, performances by the *Pro Musica Antiqua* conducted by Safford Cape, the *Schola Cantorum Basiliensis* conducted by August Wenzinger; and it is planned to record in England in the near future. The most ambitious part of the project is undoubtedly the recording of all the music by J. S. Bach. There are many other versions of those works which make up the standard Bach repertoire, but it will be hard to surpass the atmosphere which is immediately conjured up by the DGG "Johannes-Passion," recorded in the *Thomaskirche* in Leipzig. Although one may cavil at certain points of Ramin's interpretation, the whole set has a grandeur, a sense of tradition and devotedness, which the engineers have somehow captured very realistically.

Speaking of the engineers who made the "Johannes-Passion" brings me to the question of DGG's recording technique. Without fuss, without exaggerated microphone placement, and without publicity, Deutsche Grammophon continues to turn out some of the finest all-round recordings in Europe. Their principle is to reproduce as accurately as possible the spirit and sound of the executants; the word "high fidelity" (or its German equivalent) never appears in DGG's advertising, but I think their records achieve high fidelity of a kind all too rarely encountered in these days of lowest and highest frequencies.

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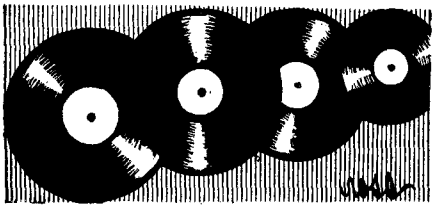
This Month's Mozart—IV

THAT rarity in a round of record listening, a not too familiar work of great beauty performed in a style befitting its qualities, is happily at hand in the Mozart category this month with Epic's issue (SC 6009, $7.96) of the **Mass in C Minor** (K. 427). This is the work which is customarily performed in the *Peterskirche* of Salzburg because it had its premiere there in 1783, in fulfilment of a vow that Mozart had made during courting of his Constanze—namely, that if he was ever able to bring her to Salzburg he would write a mass.

The occasion finally came as noted—but superman though he was, Mozart was not up to complete fulfilment of the task amid all his other work of that year. He wrote a new *Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus,* and *Benedictus,* borrowing sections from other of his masses—there is a plenitude of those—to fill out the necessary framework. It is this which has stigmatized the work as "incomplete," plus the fact that Mozart's own choice of supplementary sections is unknown. Alois Schmitt and Ernst Lewiscki made one version (1901) published by Breitkopf and Härtel. Bernhard Paumgartner, editor for Epic's Mozartian undertaking, has chosen another solution. Rather than borrowing at random, he has taken his necessary sections all from the Missa Longa in C (K. 262). Schmitt used its "Et in spiritum sanctum" and "Et vitam venturi" fugue, as Paumgartner does; the latter's choice of the other K. 262 sections have, at least, the merit of Mozartian continuity.

Certainly there would be few, listening to this highly integral performance by able Viennese components (plus American soprano Teresa Stich-Randall) under the direction of Rudolf Moralt, who would detect incongruities or be aware that it did not represent a complete creation. To most of us the C minor mass is best known as the source of the beautiful "Et incarnatus est" (of which the previous best version was by Erna Berger) and it is sumptuously sung here by Stich-Randall. Her suave sound is admirably suited for microphone purposes, her treatment of the involved vocal line both intelligent and tasteful. However, the *Kyrie* is also notably fine, the concluding reference to it in the *Agnus Dei* a Schmitt conceit retained by Paumgartner in approval of its thoroughly Mozartian feeling. The additional singers—Hildegard Rössl-Majdan, mezzo; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; and Walter Raninger, baritone—are not quite up to the Stich-Randall standard, but they perform capably. As has now become established, the Epic label is testimonial to the quality of the recorded sound.



Quite another aspect of Mozart is conveyed in Decca DX 133 ($9.98), which presents Deutsche Grammophon's first large entry in the Mozart competition, a version of **"Die Entführung aus dem Serail"** thoughtfully cast and musically well supervised by Ferenc Fricsay. The excellent Rita Streich (who can currently be heard in another virtuoso effort as Zerbinetta in Angel's fine version of "Ariadne auf Naxos") sings an admirable Blondchen, Maria Stader conveys much of the beauty in Constanze's music—though she lacks breadth for the best results in "Martern aller Arten"—Ernst Häfliger sings an appealing Belmonte, and Josef Greindl provides a substantial foundation for all with his bass voice as Osmin.

However, I cannot say that this second "Entführung" (the Krips-directed Vienna production has been an ornament of the London list for several years) makes me more of a partisan for it than before. To complain about a work with a round dozen of beautiful episodes from Belmonte's opening "Hier soll ich denn sehen" to Pedrillo's "In Mohrenland gefangen war" may be a presumption, but the lumpy humors of Osmin strike me as an unfortunate imposition on Mozart's genius. That he managed to write just the right kind of music for this oafish character is a magnification of that genius I am willing to take on faith, rather than by ear. To deal with the dialogue of this *Singspiel* (an intermediate form combining opera and spoken drama) DGC has utilized a separate cast of actors. who do their work well enough. Fine sound is also an asset.

CONCERTO IN E FLAT *(K. 271)* **and RONDO IN A** *(K. 386)*. *Clara Haskil, piano,*

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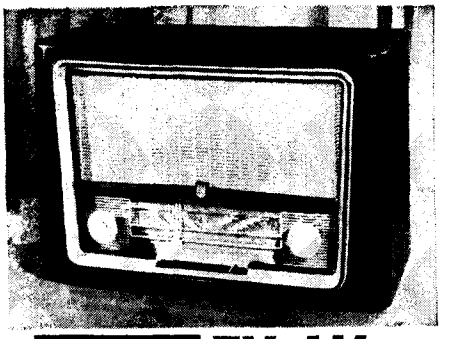

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with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Paul Sacher and Bernhard Paumgartner. Epic LC 3162, $3.98. **CONCERTOS IN A** *(K. 488) and* **D MINOR** *(K. 466). The same.* Epic LC 3163, $3.98.

Haskil's Mozart has been favorably known in the past for its fluency and taste. Here she performs with a typical discrimination, and with particular success in the slow movements. More sparkle, a livelier accent in the fast movements would have added interest to performances which are full of musical virtue but insufficient vitality.

SONATAS IN G *(K. 379) and* **B FLAT** *(K. 454). David Oistrakh, violin, with Lev Oborin and Vladimir Yampolsky, pianists.* Colosseum CRLP 194, $3.98.

Lest it be surmised that the Soviet is competing with the West in "exploitation" (horrible word!) of the Mozart bicentenary, it should be known that these are ill-sounding dubs from, probably, 78-rpms, brought together by Colosseum for the occasion. There is some glossy, finger-free execution by Oistrakh and some gorgeous melodic statement, when it can be heard. On the negative side are the disproportionate prominence of the violin throughout, a scale of dynamics more than a little heavy for this composer.

SYMPHONIES NOS. 25 AND 33. *Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the chamber orchestra of the Mozarteum, Salzburg.* Epic LC 3172, $3.98.

Uncommonly revealing performances by the learned Paumgartner of two less-favored but by no means unimportant works of the Mozartian symphonic catalogue. As is well known, No. 25 is full of anticipations of the later, famous No. 40 in the same key of G minor, while No. 33 is a proving ground for ideas and procedures more familiar from both the E flat (No. 39) and C major ("Jupiter," No. 41). Paumgartner is neither pedagogical nor didactic in his presentation, merely acute.

THAMOS, KING OF EGYPT *(K. 345). Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony, with Ilse Hollweg, soprano; Walter Berry, bass; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; and Maria Nussbaumer-Knoflach, mezzo.* Epic LC-3158, $3.98.

Another worthy enterprise of Paumgartner's Mozartian devotion, not alone for the intrinsic value of the incidental music to a forgotten play, but even more for its collateral bearing on such a masterwork-to-be as "Magic Flute." It has a similar emphasis on the pervasive power of faith *vis-a-vis* difficulties, and a similar conviction that music can convey such a power. When the music is by Mozart the proposition is Euclidian.

SONATA NO. 13 IN B FLAT *(K. 333),* **FORTY-TWO VARIATIONS ON "LA BELLE FRANÇOISE,"** *(K. 353),* **FANTASY IN C MINOR** *(K. 475),* **SONATA NO. 14 IN C MINOR** *(K. 457). Walter Gieseking, piano.* Angel 35071, $4.98. **SONATA NO. 1 IN C** *(K. 279),* **SIX VARIATIONS ON "EIN WEIB IST DAS HERRLICHSTE DING"** *(K. 613),* **SONATA NO. 9 IN D** *(K. 311),* **FANTASY AND FUGUE IN C** *(K. 394). The same.* Angel 35072, $4.98.

Volumes IV and V in the individual reissues of the complete Mozart recorded by Gieseking and reviewed by Abram Chasins in *SR* Jan. 29.

SYMPHONY NO. 36 *("Linz"). Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia SL 224, $10.

After listening to three sides of preparatory work on this performance (the two-disc set is one part music, three parts reproduction of the "spontaneous" remarks of Walter during rehearsals), the playing itself is something of an anti-climax. So much effort, so much explanation of details should, it would seem, produce more than this smooth-running but hardly outstanding performance. Momentum is in short supply, the slow movement and minuet decidedly leisurely. Nobody could take exception to Walter's directions to the players—save, perhaps, some of them—but the additional cost for the talk could be a deterrent to some purchasers. Columbia might create a new category of Mozart by issuing this "Linz" *ohne Sprache* with the "Prague" *ohne Minuet.* The engineering throughout is excellent.

SYMPHONIES NOS. 40 AND 41. *Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.* Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93020, $4.98.

Just where Hermann Scherchen was during the playbacks of these performances is a mystery, for the sound is the dated, passé close-up studio type the French delight in when left to their own devices. Moreover, the orchestra sounds tiny (also tinny), the direction doting on sudden changes of dynamics that are not merely extraneous but close to ludicrous. The intent seems to be to "Militarize" Mozart as Scherchen did successfully to Haydn, but the formula needs reconsideration. At the end the inclination is to ask: "Is there a doctor in the house?" (and I don't mean Dr. Scherchen). —I. K.

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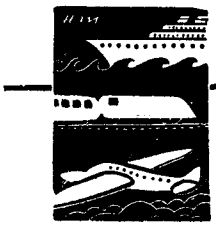

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Land of the Short-Order Shelleys

—*Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board.*

"Trinidad creates much of [its] music on steel drums which lately held petroleum."

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

THE arrival here the other day of a pair of asterisks from Hollywood—stage-namely, Miss Ann Miller and Miss Linda Darnell—touched off a welcome that, while frenzied, rhythmic, and musical, could only be considered typical. The girls, first off, were thrown as bait to a pair of calypso singers, Trinidad's short-order Shelleys who make up lyrics on the spot concerning the obvious attributes, yea, even the foibles of onlookers. After noting in adequate rhyme Miss Miller's renowned dancing feet, and the beauty of Miss Darnell, the calypsonians swung into their repertoire, which runs the gamut from sex to politics.

Among world-shaking events which have inspired words and melody from the calypsonians was the arrival some years back of the *Graf Zepplin*, the abdication of Edward VIII, the death of Mahatma Gandhi, and the establishment of Yankee bases in Trinidad. When *Il Duce* invaded Africa the calypsos came out with "Mussolini You Know You Wrong." President Roosevelt's visit to the island produced "When Roosevelt Came to the Land of the Hummingbird."

But local events as well, indeed even local politics, are equally commemorated. Electioneering with jingles is a potent factor, especially if the song catches on. One calypso singer became so popular he himself was elected first to the city council, then to the Trinidad legislature. Separatist movements get impetus from tunes that say baldly, "Britain Why Don't You Give Up the West Indies?" And tabloid events are scored under such titles as "The Post-Office Fire," "Murder at St. James," and that tender ode "Bayshore Floating Corpse Murder."

Calypsonians delight in baptizing themselves anew with awsome, imaginative, and sometimes ferocious names. Among the more imposing of these *noms de chant* are such nobles as Lord Invader, Lord Pretender, Lord Kitchener, and lately, Lord Eisenhower. There is a King Radio, a King Pharoah, and Richard Coeur de Lion; also the Mighty Tiger, the Roaring Lion, and that masterful self-christener Attila the Hun.

While being completely sensate to social conditions of the day, the songmen have not altogether overlooked the birds and bees. Calypsonians have warned women against older men ("better be a young man's slave"), have tied in gradations of color with amiability ("the blacker the woman the sweeter she be"), have talked of the friendliness between races ("Chinese children calling me daddy"). Suggestive songs like "Post, post another letter for Thelma," a girl who received no mail but inspired frequent visits from the postman, finally brought calls for censorship. The calypsonians fought back with:

To say these songs are sacrilegious, obscene, or profane
Is a lie and a dirty shame
If the calypso is indecent, then I must insist
So is Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"
Boccaccio's tales, Voltaire's "Candide"

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LITERARY LINK

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Tom Lea	
Meriwether Lewis	
Tennessee Williams	
D. H. Lawrence	
Bret Harte	
Joseph Wood Krutch	
Mark Twain	

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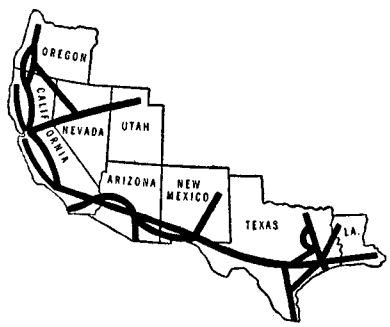
SIGHT: Nev., N.M., Calif., Ore., Utah, La., Tex., Ariz.

NICKNAME: N.M., Nev., Calif., Ore., La., Ariz., Tex., Utah

LITERARY LINK: Utah, Tex., Ore., La., N.M., Calif., Ariz., Nev.



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"The Martyrdom of Man," by
Winwood Read
Yet over these authors they make
no fuss
But want to take advantage on us

Besides words Trinidad also creates music, much of it on steel drums which lately held petroleum. While formal steel bands, numbering perhaps twenty pieces, use regular oil drums, other pick-up aggregations do not consider dust pans, old brake drums, and discarded junk iron unbeatable. To carry the melody steel bandsmen bang on ping pongs or piano pans, there being also tenor pans and, lately, soprano pans. Tune booms and guitar pans carry the harmony, booms fill in the bass, and kittles and kittle booms keep the rhythm. The music that emanates sounds like a chorus singing "bloom, bloom, bloom," while humming a melody. Supplied by Trinidad, steel bands are now fanning out across the Caribbean so that no visitor to the West Indies can any longer consider himself safe. There is even an all-girl steel band that has so far escaped the attention of Phil Spitalny, and a local imaginative type was saying the other day he was considering developing a band of pygmies playing on beer cans.

Besides all this, as the visitor will soon come to see, Trinidad is up to its sacroiliac in the dance. One dark and ominous night I was spirited what seemed endless miles into the black countryside to a way-station known with exquisite aptness as the Perseverance Club. By the light of candles placed on the floor a troupe performed the *shango,* a dance of such basic instincts that it requires the female to throw a writhing fit on the floor, and the local authorities to consider it lawless. The same group also introduced us to the *limbo,* a dance which calls for the performer to wiggle feet first under a bar placed ever lower without ever touching body to floor while the chorus sings:

Limbo, limbo with me
Limbo by day
Limbo by night
Limbo by the pale moonlight
Limbo, limbo with me.

It gets mighty hypnotic.

Almost any trance induced by music, drugs, or demons can be broken in Trinidad should one be caught in a jump-up. A jump-up is a panic with music, and one occurred the other night following a magnificent display of local dancing offered on the otherwise sedate acres of the Trinidad Country Club. After several curtain calls honoring the troupe somebody accidentally hit a bongo drum and the whole place exploded. The music started, the drums beat, and in no time at all the cast was dancing with the guests, dowagers danced with drummers, and widows danced with waiters. When last seen the Hollywood ladies were jumping with the chef.

Music, in one form or another, is Trinidad's biggest export after asphalt and Angostura Bitters. The asphalt is found on Pitch Lake and has contributed so substantially to the island's economy that tourism has wallowed in an ooze of apathy. The bitters is found in little brown bottles, where it is placed after being brewed from a mysterious collection of local herbs. Angostura contributes no apathy but a certain piquance, if you listen to the bitters brewers, to such dishes as white rabbit soup, jugged hare, a dessert known as love-in-the-mist, and a belly-wash called barley water. British tipplers can thank Angostura for supplying the "pink" of pink gin.

Trinidad is the southernmost of the Caribbean islands and most days one can look across to the coast of Venezuela. Like almost everything else in the West Indies, with the possible exception of the mambo, credit for its discovery goes to Columbus. When the Admiral first put by the place was inhabited by Indians who called it Iere, a word they pronounced, "Aheerie." To them Iere meant Land of the Hummingbird, a twitterer which still lives in force on the island.

Off in the island's northern mountains (and in Port of Spain's zoo) there are bands of red-howler monkeys that roar like lions, spiny-rats, and a tree porcupine with black and white quills. There are mongoose, giant weasels called bushdogs, and wild pigs known as quanks. Of anteaters the mountains hold two, the armadillo and one possessed of such a plaintive call it is known as the Poor-Me-One. Oil-birds inhabit the trees and fill the night with shrieking, and amid the orchids that grow wild the humming birds are everywhere.

Lately a new and mechanical humming bird has come to Iere. It is the Vickers Viscount, Britain's new turbo-prop aircraft that lands with a shrill scream that would scare the daylights out of an oil-bird. Outside of this falsetto feature, these new planes of British West Indies Airways will be carting passengers down from New York by way of Bermuda, Puerto Rico, and Barbados via a routing that didn't occur to Columbus and is novel even to veteran island hoppers.

The pitchmen and the bitters brew-

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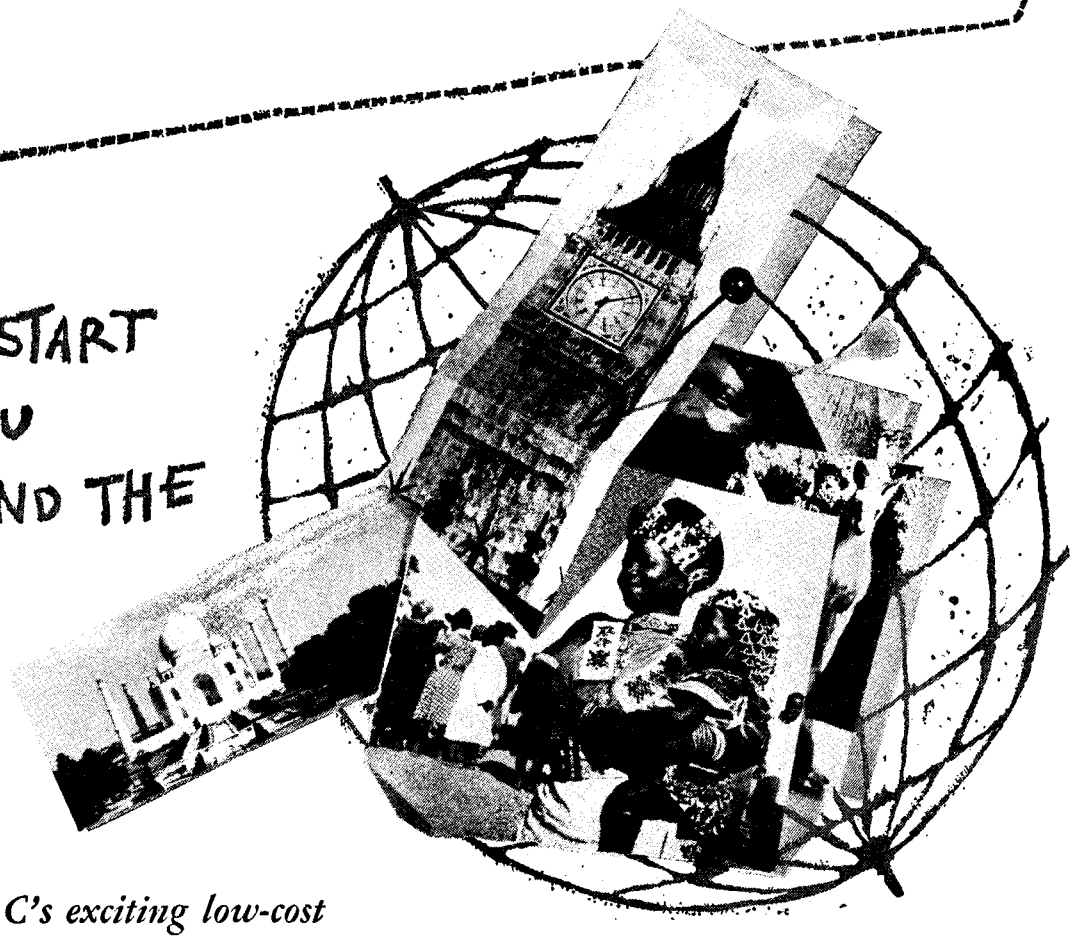

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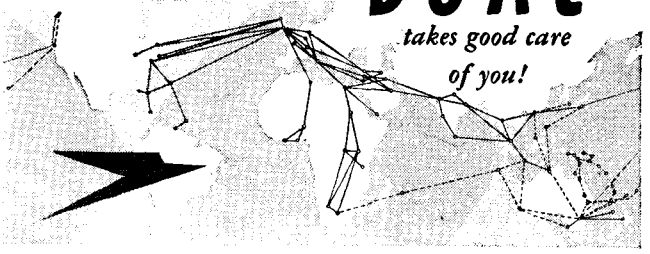

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ers have finally been shaken out of their complacency, and tourism is about to come to Trinidad. Hilton will bring the first modern hotel to the island, which has hitherto existed on two fine guest houses at the airport and the Raggedy-Ann Queens Park Hotel in Port of Spain, seventeen miles away. The Hilton venture will occupy a hilltop site, 325 feet above the sea, looking down to the city's savannah and an immense view of the plain. Since the building will rise alongside the mountain, and since the road leads to the top of the site, there is talk of making it an upside-down hotel. Guests will arrive at the roof-top lobby which, one can only presume, will be in the vicinity of the wine cellar.

Tourists, their equilibrium already shaken, will likely find Trinidad a dizzying whirl of strange peoples. Moslem mosques and Hindu temples embossed with strange murals rise alongside Spanish tiled roofs and French iron grilles that are reminiscent of New Orleans. The peace is kept by dark-skinned police in trig blue uniforms with short pants. Teams outfitted in crisp white shirts and trousers play cricket on the savannah, occasionally sail to England and perform there with success.

Paw-paws, mangoes, and sapodillas fill the markets, and also yams, eddoes, and tannias. Oysters appear, no bigger than a bean, and the creole cooks dispense *pastelles* of meat wrapped in coats of cornflour dough. The shops are run by East Indians who wail that Trinidad is not a "free port" like Jamaica, but the prices here are generally lower than Jamaica's, especially in French perfumes. If the shops are run by Indians, the best restaurants are operated by the Chinese, who, with some Indian influence, serve what to this well-toasted palate is some of the world's hottest food. One chew of the chow mein and it's easy to see how the Chinese invented gunpowder.

—Horace Sutton.

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Feudalism—Not for Export

Continued from page 11

which God had called them by the predestined accident of birth.

Feudalism grew up naturally because it was suitable for the times in which it evolved. But patterns of society often outlast their original utility. The first sign is usually when lawyers intervene. The legal profession is honorable and indeed essential to the welfare of all types of society; but when lawyers meddle in constitutional affairs the result is not always fortunate. Law can, and does, move with the times, but it moves slowly; its temper is conservative. It was inevitable that the feudal world should need to call in lawyers. The contrast between lord and vassal could not cover all contingencies, particularly those that arose as life became more complicated. A great body of customary law was developed. The rights of lord and vassal were gradually fixed by tradition and were at last written down. The effect was sometimes different from the intentions of the lawyers and their clients. The English barons would have been surprised and shocked had they foreseen that the document which they forced King John to sign to establish their rights would become celebrated as the basis of Anglo-Saxon liberties. Magna Carta was meant merely to protect the Norman baronial class. But so happy an outcome was rare. More often legal precision was used to perpetuate inelastically a state of affairs that was no longer effective. When that occurred the feudal order committed suicide.

IT HAS been my task of recent years to study the history of the Crusader settlements in the East. The Crusading movement itself largely sprang from the restrictions that the feudal order created in Western Europe. It was about this time that the rights of primogeniture were generally admitted, for peasant as for nobleman, and the surplus population of younger sons had to find an outlet. The towns were not yet able to absorb many of them, and the countryside could support no more. They preferred to seek their fortune overseas. The great upsurge of religious emotion that accompanied the preaching of the Crusade gave them impetus; and, strenghtened by the power of faith, the Crusaders brought their first expedition to an almost miraculous triumph. Jerusalem was liberated; and they soon found themselves masters of a piece of territory that included Palestine and coastal Syria.

Wiser colonists might have paused to reflect how best to govern a country whose traditions and history were so different from their own. But it never occurred to the Crusaders that their own system was not the best. They were in a country without feudal traditions, with an indigenous population of a stock foreign to them, living in village communities without any feudal obligations. Some of the villagers were Moslem and therefore not to be trusted, while the native Christians had been forbidden by Moslem law to bear arms. A feudal society could not be built on that base; it had to be imposed from on top. The Crusader lords could take over lands and castles belonging to Arab lords, and their ecclesiastics could take over estates belonging to the Orthodox Church; but these estates had to be reorganized, and the whole constitutional pattern, the relations of the king, his tenants-in-chief, and their vassals, had to be introduced ready-made. To some extent it was decided by the composition of the Crusading army. It had been a group of armies, each under a prince belonging to one of the great houses of Western Europe. Every knight and soldier belonged to one of these armies and was therefore its prince's "man." The only army that had dispensed with a lord, that of Peter the Hermit, had soon met with disaster and its members were absorbed into the other armies. But most of the princes had responsibilities in Europe and returned there. Those of their men who wished to remain in the East had to acquire other lords; and the adventurers who came eastwards on the news of the success of the Crusade had also to find local lords. There had been no uniformity in the method of the Crusaders' conquests. Of the four Crusader states the County of Edessa was founded by a younger son who borrowed men from his brothers for the purpose. The Principality of Antioch was founded by Bohemond the Norman after the whole expedition had besieged the city of Antioch. Bohemond had been largely responsible for its capture and intrigued himself into its possession, though by treaty it should have been handed to the Byzantines. The County of Tripoli was established after the others by the efforts of the Count of Toulouse and his family, with the help of Italian merchant-princes. Jerusalem itself was captured by the united efforts of the Crusade, whose leaders therefore insisted on the right to elect its

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King. Nor could the states be uniform in their composition. Edessa was hardly feudal; rather, it was the military occupation by the Count and his army of a large territory that they never attempted to colonize. The Prince of Antioch, whose title was intended to show sovereign rank, was wise enough not to permit many feudatories. His main problem was the city of Antioch itself, which had inherited a municipal tradition from Byzantine times. In Tripoli the Count had been obliged to enfeoff his helpers, including some Italians, such as the Genoese family of Embriaco, whose loyalty was given to Genoa rather than to himself. The Kingdom of Jerusalem was composed of fiefs dating from its foundation; and the King was never allowed to forget that his crown needed to be confirmed by election and by coronation at the hands of the Patriarch. He was only held to be commander-in-chief and chairman of the High Court, composed of his tenants-in-chief and their leading vassals. Its members might owe allegiance, but they considered themselves to be the supreme authority on matters of policy and the law. His position with regard to the Church was equivocal, and church-lawyers tried to minimize his power. His control was further weakened by the institution of the Military Orders, the Temple, the Hospital, and, later, the Teutonic Order, whose Grand Masters owed allegiance directly to the Pope and yet who soon acquired more and more estates in the Kingdom and insisted on being represented on the Hight Court. Then there were the merchant-colonies of Italians, established to reward the Italian cities whose ships had helped in the conquest. They too demanded a share in the government.

In the Feudal West the pattern was often haphazard because of the slow evolution of history. In France, for instance, there were petty barons who held land direct from the King and great counts who were vassals to one of the King's vassals. But there was a historical reason for it all, and the position was well understood. But in the East the Crusaders tried to introduce a ready-made pattern; and the divergencies and discrepancies created flaws from the outset. Problems arose at once for which there was no sure answer. The King of Jerusalem's relations with the Prince of Antioch and the Count of Tripoli were left undecided. His relations with the Church, whether with the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, with the Military Orders, or with the Papacy itself, were dangerously undefined. The native Christian churches and the Moslems had no place in the pattern. The whole edifice was shaky, and the trappings of feudalism could not hide the cracks. Lawyers stepped in and carefully recorded the laws of succession and the rights of overlords to control the persons of minors and the marriage of heiresses. The regular customs of feudal France were imported; but they did not answer all the questions. The compilation known as the Assises of Jerusalem (which in its complete form is of a later date and was never applied to the Kingdom) shows a brave attempt to state the law, but the law only managed to give a rigidity that made it more difficult to deal with the major problems. It was only in the laws over trade and the towns, in the so-called "Assises des Bourgeois," that we find a useful working code; and there the authorities were dealing with actual problems with which feudal custom in the West had no experience.

That the Kingdom of Jerusalem did not at once decline was due to the ability of its first kings. Each of the first five had sufficient personality to overcome most of the feudal restrictions; and, though they were always short of men and money, they maintained the strength of the kingdom. But they had two constant difficulties. While they and their more intelligent vassals were able to adapt themselves to local conditions, the urgent need for manpower could be met only by immigrants from the West, either adventurers out for material gain, usually looking for a suitable heiress, or else religious enthusiasts out for the glory of the Western Church. Neither type had any notion of the problems of oriental life. Secondly, the vassals themselves, however orientalized they might become in their manner of life, remained obsessed by their feudal rights and sought every opportunity for restricting the power of the king. Such an attitude might have been useful in the England of King John, but in the hard-pressed Kingdom of Jerusalem it was suicidal. When at last the throne passed by hereditary right to a leper, and after him into a disputed succession between his sisters, the tenants-in-chief were far more interested in using their constitutional powers to their own personal advantage than in preserving the Kingdom. As a result, Saladin was able to recapture Jerusalem itself for Islam; and had it not been for the unconstitutional enterprise of the adventurer Conrad of Montferrat and the whole expedition of the Third Crusade the Crusader kingdom would have ended. As it was, a coastal strip, with Acre as its capital, survived for another century.

THE story of the Kingdom of Acre is one of pathetic ineptitude. Had the Moslems not been divided between themselves and soon distracted by the invasions of the Mongols it

Your Literary I. Q.

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LADIES' AND GENTS' WEARING APPAREL

Here are twenty titles (largely of novels, plus a book of verse, a poem, a drama, a libretto—stuff like that) each of which contains the name of an article of clothing or a manner of dressing. Kindly link the hook-titles with the eye-authors. Get fourteen or fewer correct answers and you're down at heel, fifteen through seventeen and your slip is showing slightly, eighteen through twenty and you're fresh out of the bandbox. Answers on page 46.

1. "Black Armour"	( ) Michael Arlen
2. "The Bright Shawl"	( ) Hilaire Belloc
3. "Calico Shoes"	( ) Clare Booth
4. "The Glove and the Lions"	( ) John Buchan
5. "The Green Hat"	( ) Branch Cabell
6. "The Green Overcoat"	( ) James Fenimore Cooper
7. "Greenmantle"	( ) George du Maurier
8. "H.M.S. Pinafore"	( ) James T. Farrell
9. "The Leatherstocking Tales"	( ) W. S. Gilbert
10. "Little Red Ridinghood"	( ) Joseph Hergesheimer
11. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"	( ) James Gibbons Huneker
12. "The Misery of Boots"	( ) Leigh Hunt
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14. "Painted Veils"	( ) Eugene O'Neill
15. "Redgauntlet"	( ) Charles Perrault
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would never have lasted for so long. By the accident of heredity the crown passed through heiresses whose husbands were constitutionally insecure. A brave attempt to restore order was made by marrying one such heiress to the Emperor Frederick II. But when he came out to deal with her kingdom his effort to establish the royal power by the high-handed methods that he used in his native Sicily roused bitter and indignant opposition and even war. He withdrew, and his deputies were soon ejected. For the next forty years there was an absentee monarch. According to hereditary right the next adult heir was entitled to the regency; and the High Court enjoyed itself debating who in fact was the next heir. The regency and eventually the throne itself passed to the King of Cyprus, whose dynasty was of Crusading origin and closely intermarried with the nobility of Acre. But the King of Cyprus soon found that his absence was preferred to his presence. Apart from an interlude when the King of Naples, who had bought the rights of an unsuccessful claimant to the throne, sent officers to administer the kingdom it was ruled by the High Court, the nobility, and the episcopate to whom were added, in an honorary but very powerful capacity, the Grand Masters of the Military Orders and the Consuls of the Italian communities. It was a government based on mutual jealousy and feuds, but everything was done with perfect legality.

The nobility was now small in numbers and so closely knit by intermarriage that all its members can be listed together on one genealogical tree. Family quarrels were rife. There was not enough land to go round, owing to the steady advance of the Moslems. If a fief fell vacant the Crown could redistribute it; but those rare occasions only gave rise to the bitterest rivalry. Some fortunate lords owned town-property in Acre. Others held money-fiefs; that is to say, they drew an income from the revenues of a royal town and in return were obliged to supply soldiers in time of war. Nobody therefore wanted war, because of its expense and the risk of losing the lands that were left. The High Court therefore tried to block all the efforts of the Military Orders who still sometimes liked a fight and of the few Crusaders that came from the West eager for a blow against the infidel. The Military Orders loathed each other. The Italian colonists were

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 6, 16, 7, 20, 9, 18, 3, 8, 2, 14, 4, 19, 13, 10, 15, 17, 12, 11, 1.

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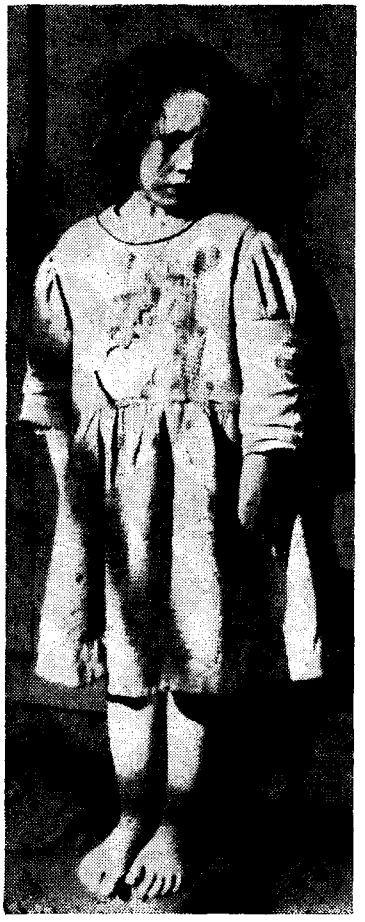
usually at open war with one another. And the High Court sat down to endless debates, missing all its opportunities. When an effective alliance with the Mongols might have crushed the Moslems forever the opportunity was lost. There were times when a decisive diplomacy might have split the enemy. But all effort was dissipated in the wordy sessions of the High Court. Yet many of the nobles were men of high integrity and courage. But they loved the law, and they were not going to prejudice the traditional rights of their order even if the Kingdom perished.

The other remaining Crusading state in Syria was no better off. The County of Edessa had lasted only half a century. The Prince of Antioch had eventually inherited the County of Tripoli; and, finding the municipality of Antioch unfriendly, the Princes moved to Tripoli and scarcely attempted to defend their old capital against capture by the Moslems. But in Tripoli their quarrels with their vassals led to constant civil war, which was only patched up on the eve of the Moslem conquest of the County.

It was the same with Acre. The last king to reign there had been welcomed from Cyprus and crowned amid scenes of gay, frivolous pageantry; and when the final Moslem onslaught came the High Court ended its debates and prepared to fight with courage. The old order went down with its flags flying. But its desperate gallantry came too late; it could not wipe out all the folly of previous years.

I have told this long story of ineptitude because it illustrates the danger of trying to introduce a way of life in places and circumstances in which it was alien and without roots. The Crusader lords had been brought up at home in the feudal order, and it never occurred to them that it was not the best order. Indeed, in the lands where it evolved it still had some vitality and point. When they met with difficulties in the East they clung all the more closely to it, buttressing it with the law, from the fear that if they abandoned it they would abandon themselves to chaos. The result that they produced was little better than chaotic. But to condemn them is not necessarily to condemn feudalism and the conception of society on which it was based. It is, rather, to condemn the notion that there is any perfect form of government, suitable for all times and places, and to condemn the lawyers who believe that the law and the constitution must be kept forever intact. There is always danger in a fixed constitution, whether it be fixed in writing or by custom; and a constitution founded on a rigid



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system of classes is particularly vulnerable. The ideal government would be a government by an aristocratic elite; but how is the aristocracy in its true sense to be perpetuated? The hereditary instinct is strong. Indeed, we may soon see dynasties of hereditary Commissars or hereditary Secretaries of Trade Unions. The British aristocracy survived the eighteenth century with some glory because it never closed its ranks. It welcomed newcomers and based itself on traditions of culture and obligation. It could therefore move with the times, even if it needed an occasional jolt. The House of Lords is still useful and not unpopular because it has not abandoned these traditions. On the continent of Europe the aristocracy decayed because it was a class decided by heredity, clinging in France to privilege without obligation because the King so willed it, and in Central Europe to a narrow emphasis on birth in order to preserve its power in the disrupted world of the Holy Roman Empire. The importance of ancient lineage is now disregarded; but dynasties of tycoons or of commissars may still arise and be more dangerous, because ancient lineage at least usually retains from feudal days some tradition of public duty.

THAT, indeed, was the one great merit of feudalism, that it was founded on a belief in mutual obligation; and the interlaced obligations and services bound society together. Perhaps the chief factor that stultified the feudalism of the Crusaders in the East was that there were insufficient mutual obligations there. The local peasants might have to render services to the lord, but they did so from *force majeure,* without any traditional sense of duty, while the lord could not feel any bond with peasants whom he considered heretic or infidel and whose language and customs were incomprehensible to him. Society there was never integrated; and the feudal order became therefore a system of laws and rights that the invaders tried to perpetuate against the whole spirit of the times and of the country.

The morals taught by history are usually negative; and the chief moral to be drawn from this study is the danger of seeking to export the forms of government that suit us at home. Even our democratic way of life to which we rightly cling today may not be suitable for every other race or clime. Proselytism is both illiberal and baneful unless it is done with cautious understanding. Feudalism died a natural death in Western Europe, but in the East its importation was unnatural, and it ended amidst bloodshed and flames.

Fiction

Continued from page 13

to hare-brained drivers, *Tour de France* enthusiasts, public-service officials who make you fill out everything all over again—all these conjure up scenes of an exasperating and endearing land, and Walter Goetz's illustrations are perfectly in keeping.

In this land writers cultivate the *bon mot* as well as the *mot juste.* And it is M. Daninos's talent for aphorism that—if all else fails—compels our laughter. "A Frenchman without a mistress is like an Englishman without a club," he writes. And again: "France is the only country in the world with a body healthy enough to allow her to live for one month out of every four without a head." Or: "France? A nation of bourgeois who try to prove that they are not by attacking those who are."

"*Épatant,*" as the major would say. "Eh what?"

Stormy Marriage

HEATHCLIFFE AND A WELL-TRAVELED WIFE: Alice Acland's novel **"A Stormy Spring"** (Coward-McCann, $3.75) is a story of the stormy young marriage of Emily Caterham, an impetuous but basically serious and temperate girl, and Julian Ellerdine, an irascible young man with the manners and behavior of an urban Heathcliffe. Emily's English middle-class family, which is numerous, considers the marriage all wrong, and the book concerns Emily's reluctant and gradual agreement with this opinion. After a tempestuous life together, including infidelities (one of which is Emily's), embezzlement, and near tragedy, Emily and Julian come to maturity and understanding, and the marriage quietly ends. But although this is a novel, primarily concerned with Emily and Julian, it is all the same a novel about a large, pleasant family and about life before World War II. It teems with people, and the scene shifts constantly: Emily virtually commutes between the different branches of her family in Paris, Bruges, London, and the English countryside. Miss Acland describes these relatives with warmth and acuteness, but since she has written a very big novel in a very short space (a scant 233 pages) the secondary characters, while certainly alive, are known only in the sense that one knows interesting strangers met for an afternoon.

—BONNIE GOLIGHTLY.

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Personal History

Continued from page 20

many, she refused to leave him. "I like having a King behind me to hold my coat," she explained. And strange though his doglike devotion to Lupescu might be it was the only decent thing in Carol's life. Occasionally he may have meant well, but as a ruler he possessed a driving venality and a singular inability to act sensibly in crisis. Whatever he did was wrong. Sometimes in reading Miss Moats's entertaining book one seems to be watching a melodic operetta which is being acted only by low comedians, and it is hard to believe that such ludicrous, Graustarkian activities took place less than twenty years ago. After studying the Number One *femme fatale* of our time even Miss Moats herself concludes that there really are no women of this type. Only weak men, she says. Which could be, for she certainly has one here. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

MR. BELLI AT THE BAR: Melvin M. Belli is a San Francisco attorney who specializes in personal-injury cases. His courtroom tactics, in cases ranging from medical malpractice to suits against tobacco companies by lung-cancer victims, are not only dramatic but often shocking as well. In **"Life and Limb"** (Doubleday, $3.50) Robert Wallace proves this by recounting how Belli once hired a traveling crane to lift a 630-pound plaintiff through a second-story courthouse window. Another time Belli had to be restrained from having a twenty-seven-year-old client exhibit himself to the jury naked from the waist down. With all this, Belli is the greatest threat to insurance companies since the earthquake rocked his home town. It is a lean year indeed when he does not wrestle at least a million dollars in settlements from them.

Belli himself is an immaculate man who usually turns up in court attired in Chesterfield and black homburg. Thousands of lawyers across the country study and imitate his methods, regarding him as a champion of the downtrodden, a Robin Hood in spats. There are others who consider him a dangerous and reckless man—and the more sensitive readers of "Life and Limb" are likely to agree. However, both sides are given time to argue in Mr. Wallace's incisive book, though neither is as important as one more fact about Belli: he may be reckless or he may be Robin Hood, but one thing you can never accuse him of is being dull.

—A. C.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1133

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

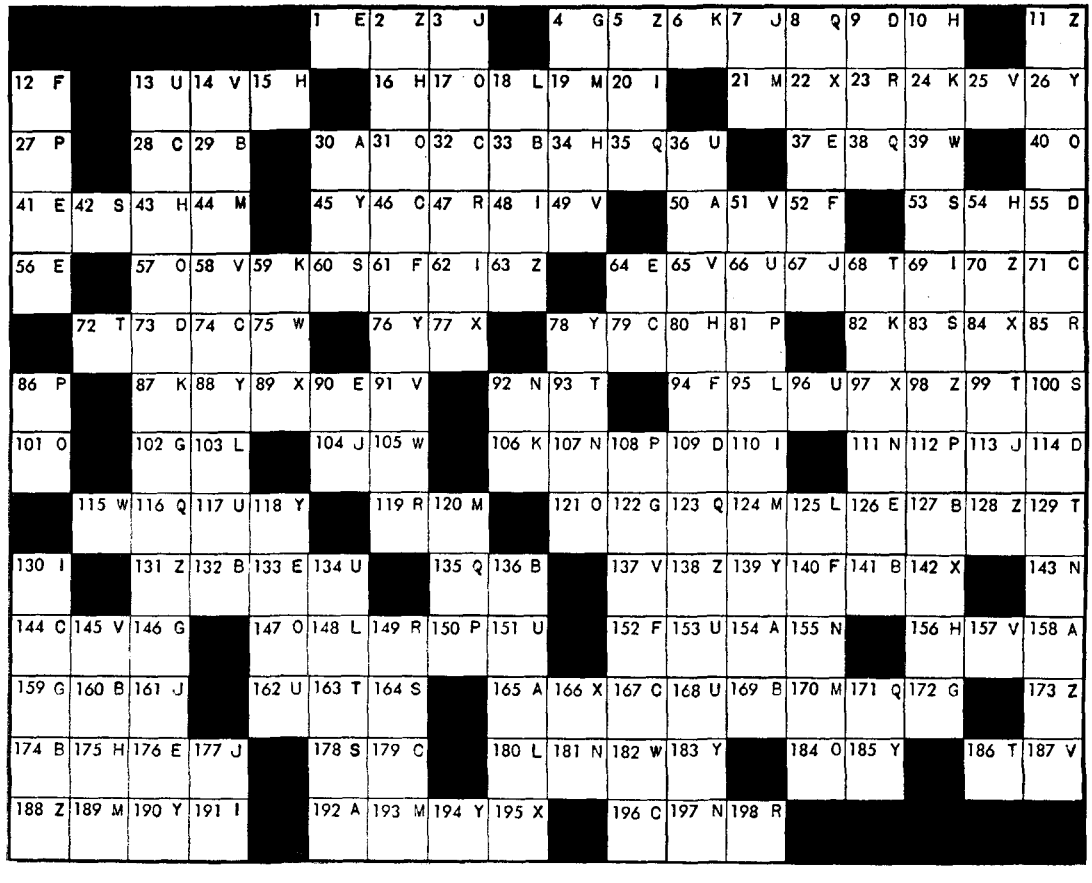
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Early English navigator who sailed to lat. N 77° 45', record not beaten for 236 years (1584-1622).	192 50 158 165 30 154
B. Heretofore (somewhat old-fashioned wd. often used humorously).	136 160 29 127 169 132 174 141 33
C. Growing on rocks.	167 144 179 79 32 196 74 46 28 71
D. Slang for mentally unbalanced.	109 73 55 9 114
E. Where recruits for air and naval forces live during training (3 wds.).	90 37 1 56 41 64 133 126 176
F. Sailed nearer the wind.	152 140 94 12 61 52
G. One of the great colonizing families of U.S., French in origin.	172 102 4 159 122 146
H. Not perceptible to the sight.	16 34 80 43 10 54 156 175 15
I. Direct speech to.	48 191 130 62 69 20 110
J. Father of the disciples James and John.	67 161 104 7 177 113 3
K. In art, a postimpressionist who leaned toward geometric forms in expression.	82 24 87 6 106 59
L. Headlong advance.	18 180 125 95 103 148

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Cloudy; not transparent.	44 124 21 189 19 170 193 120
N. Left.	143 197 107 92 111 181 155
O. As Daniel Webster described the "faces" in his "sea of audience."	184 57 147 121 40 31 101 17
P. Racing crews; figures in fancy skating.	81 150 108 112 27 86
Q. What Democritus said words are to actions.	35 38 116 123 171 135 8
R. The black gum tree.	198 119 47 149 85 23
S. One place "where men are men" (2 wds.).	83 178 60 53 164 42 100
T. Style.	72 99 186 163 68 93 129
U. Generated pus.	96 66 134 162 36 151 153 13 168 117
V. The alto oboe (2 wds.).	157 91 25 49 145 137 14 187 58 65 51
W. Woody tissue as dist. from phloem.	182 105 75 39 115
X. Beneath one's honorable position (2 wds.).	97 195 77 22 84 142 166 89
Y. A certain alcohol found in gallstones, egg yolk, nerve tissue, etc.	45 26 139 78 88 185 183 118 194 76 190
Z. Correct spelling.	188 5 131 138 11 98 70 128 173 2 63

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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